Classified Want Ads

BOSTON SUNDAY ADVERTISER APRIL 13, 1941

200—Automobiles For Sale

LICENSED BY THE REGISTRY OF MOTOR VEHICLES

SURE OF A GOOD DEAL. OF A LOW PRICE. OF FINE QUALITY.

PLUS 6 MONTHS' GUARANTEE

BAKER CO.

BROOKLINE VILLAGE

OPEN EVES

BEA. 5206

'38 CADILLAC CONV. COUPE
32 and 35 Fleetwoods. Factory Power Control. 1782 Center St., W. Roxbury, PAR. 6400.

'35 FORD 4-Dr. 850 Tudor. Radio & heater. Like new. $135
2 Harvard St., Dorchester. GEN. 8762

RENTALS

90—Offices and Stores

Stores, offices, $10 up. Apply Manager, Tremont Temple, 82 Tremont St., Boston.

93—Moving, Trucking, Storage

FURNITURE moved into a storage, packed and shipped. Reasonable rates. Storage Warehouse, 2 Storage Place, Fox to September. RIVERSIDE 9455. Mass.

94—Unfurnished Apartments

The A. & M. Realty Co. 3, 4, 5 room suites, $25 up. 1432 Comm. Ave. Long-wood 8820.

BOSTON—Six stater 4 rms., bath, steam, Frig., $11 wk. Ingram, 5 Isabella St.

101—Hotels

$5.00 Per Week $1.00—DAILY—$1.50
THE MILNER
WEEKLY GUESTS' LAUNDRY FREE
456 COLUMBUS AVE. KENmore 6043

HOTEL ESSEX—Opp. South Station
400 OUTSIDE ROOMS
SPECIAL WEEKLY RATES $8.00 UP
Daily Rates $1.50 to $2. None Higher.

103—Rooms Without Board

ALLSTON—Single, double, suitable rms. 3 or more; refs. 76 Quint Ave., cor. Glenville.

BUYER'S GUIDE

Morrison & Schiff, Inc. Strictly sanitary meat products. 64 Fulton St., Boston. Can. 4919

READ FOR PROFIT
USE FOR RESULTS
Record-American Want Ads.

STILPHEN MOTOR CO.

$2 BUYS—
'36 Ford 2-Dr. Sedan
'37 Ford 4-Dr. Sedan
'37 Ford 2-Dr. Sedan
'38 Ford Coupe
'36 Chev. 2-Dr. Sedan
Yes! Only $2.00 Down.
Low Weekly Payments.

$4 BUYS—
'38 Ford 2-Dr. Sedan
'38 Ford 4-Dr. Sedan
'39 Ford Coupe
'39 Ford 2-Dr. Sedan
'39 Ford 4-Dr. Sedan
Yes! Only $4.00 Down.
Low Weekly Payments.

$6 BUYS—
'40 Ford 2-Dr. Sedan
'40 Ford Coupe
'40 Ford Coupe, Aux. Seats
'40 Ford 4-Dr. Sedan
'40 Plymouth 4-Dr. Sedan
Yes! Only $6.00 Down.
Low Weekly Payments.

370 COLUMBIA ROAD, cor. DOR. GENeva 1419

WANT

More For Your Money ? You Can Get it Here!

'40 Dodge De L. 4-Dr. Sedan	$735	Radio, heater, $235 Down, 24 Notes at $27
'40 DeSoto Custom Sedan	$735	Radio, heater, $235 Down, 24 Notes at $27
'40 Chev. Mstr. De Luxe Sedan	$665	Radio & heater, $205 Down, 24 Notes at $24
'40 Plymouth 2-Dr. Sedan	$595	$195 Down, 24 Notes at $25.
'39 Chev. Mstr. 4-Dr. Sedan	$515	$165 Down, 24 Notes at $20.
'39 Plymouth 2-Dr. Sedan	$485	$155 Down, 24 Notes at $20.
'39 Plymouth Bus. Coupe, R&H	$465	$145 Down, 24 Notes at $19.
'39 Dodge Sedan	$545	$165 Down, 24 Notes at $19.
'37 Plym. Spc., R&H, very clean	$350	
'37 Plym. De Luxe 4-Dr. Sedan	350	
'37 Buick Cent. Sed., very clean	395	
'36 Oldsmobile 8 Sedan	245	
'36 Dodge Sedan, Radio & Htr.	295	
'36 Buick 4-Door Sedan	325	

HARVARD MOTORS, Inc.
DODGE - PLYMOUTH
275 Beacon St., Somerville
TRO. 1304—Open Eves. 'Til 9

Trucks - Trucks

160 Trucks — Fords, Chevrolets, Dodges, G. M. C.'s Internationals, Dumps, Racks, Pick-ups, Panels, Vans, etc. We have the best assortment of trucks in this state. See us first, we have what you want. Will deliver within 200 miles radius free of charge.

Cash or Terms Always Open

KARAS AUTO SALES, Inc.
965 Columbus Ave., Roxbury
Gar. 8469 Can Be Seen Today
Cash or Terms

'38 Terraplane 2-Dr, immaculate, good tires, heater, defroster. Low mileage. Condition A-1. $345
WEST END CHEVROLET
808 MAIN ST. WALTHAM
WALtham 0083 Can be seen today

'38 PLYMOUTH 2-DOOR
A spic and span one owner sedan. Factory Premium. 1782 Center St., W. Roxbury, PAR. 6400.

'37 FORD ½-TON PANEL $145
Completely refinished, ready for work. Heater. Motors, Used Car List, Middlesex Ave. at Fellsway. SOMerset 6585.

'40 MERCURY CLUB COUPE
Factory Premium. Factory Power Control. 1782 Center St., W. Roxbury, PAR. 6400.

BUICK, 1937 Trunk Sedan. Low mileage, real nice. Terms $11. 5411.

'38 Chev. D. L. Spt. Sed. Quality car. Spotless. Radio, Heater. This one is a Beauty. $425
WEST END CHEVROLET
808 MAIN ST. WALTHAM
WALtham 0083 Can be seen today

1937 CHEV. 4-DR. SEDAN
Master De Luxe model with all de luxe equipment, large built-in trunk. Car is in fully operating order. $345
Hub Chevrolet Co.
377 MASS. AVE., CAMB. TRO. 6100

PHONE TODAY
'40 Chev. Spec. D.L. Conv. Cpe. White side wall tires, many extras. Driven by a lady. Only $725
MOYE CHEVROLET
421 WASH. ST. NEWTON CORN. BIG. 0626. OPEN EVES.

'39 DODGE 4-DR. SEDAN
Has heater. See today. Parkway Pontiac, 1782 Center St., W. Roxbury, PAR. 6400.

DODGE OR PLYMOUTH
Official cars. $150 off cost, $10 down, $25 month. HARVEY MOTOR SALES, Inc. 1115 Comm. Ave.
THIS IS NOT A BANK—BUT YOU SAVE MONEY
BROOKLINE, 2nd Floor, Opp. Beacon St. Car. Line

'36 PLYMOUTH 2-DR., Heater Has had best of care. Parkway Pontiac, 1782 Center St., W. Roxbury, PAR. 6400.

'37 DODGE TR. SEDAN, $280
Practically new tires and brakes. CAN BE SEEN TODAY
Cosby Lees Garage, 10 St. Botolph St., Boston

'37 DODGE 4-DOOR
Sed. R. & H. See today. Parkway Pontiac, 1782 Center St., W. Roxbury, PAR. 6400

'35 CHEV. Sedan, Master De Luxe, R&H, $145
Chevrolet Ave., Dorchester, DEL. 4700.

BECAUSE OF QUALITY, PRICE & TERMS
14% Of Our Cars Are Sold To Former Customers

'40 Pontiac 6 Coupe, Heater	$626
'39 Pont. De L. 4-Dr. Tr. Sed., H.	575
'38 Pont. 6 4-Dr. Tr. Sed., R&H	465
'37 Pont. 6 2-Dr. Tr. Sed., R&H	375
'36 Pont. 6 2-Dr. Tr. Sed., R&H	265
'39 Olds. 70 2-Dr. Tr. Sed., H.	549
'38 Olds. 6 4-Dr. Tr. Sed., R&H	475
'37 Olds. 6 2-Dr. Tr. Sed., R&H	345
'37 Chev. M. De L. 2-D. Tr. Sed., R&H	325
'37 Dodge 6-Dr. Tr. Sed., R&H	325
'39 Olds. 60 4-Dr. Tr. Sed., R&H	695
'39 LaSalle 4-Dr. Tr. Sed., R&H	675
'40 Plym. De L. 4-D. Tr. Sd., R&H	665
'38 Cad. 60 Sp. 4-D. Tr. Sed., R&H	795
'37 Packard 6 4-D. Tr. Sed., R&H	375

Many More to Choose From
UNION MOTOR SALES
Pontiac-Cadillac Sales & Service
Open Eves. 'Til Dog, PRO. 1693
269 McGrath Hway. PRO. 1693
SOMERVILLE

"A TRUSTWORTHY HOUSE"
Our Reputation Your Protection
27 Years of Continuous Satisfactory Service

UNPAID BALANCE SALE
We have a few repossessions and other Used Cars that we would like to have reliable people take over. Small monthly payments. No down payment necessary if you have good credit and a steady job.

	Bal. Due	Mo. Pay't
'33 PONTIAC Sedan, clean	$65	$3.17
'33 FORD Sedan, extra nice	125	5.72
'35 FORD Sedan, new motor	125	5.72
'35 FORD Sedan, clean	125	5.72
'31 TERRAPLANE Conv. Cpe.	125	5.72
'34 DODGE Sedan, exceptional	175	7.93
'34 DODGE Conv. Sedan	195	8.84
'36 FORD Sedan, bargain	195	13.74
'36 FORD 4-Dr. Tr. Sed.	195	13.74
'35 DODGE Sedan, exceptional	195	13.74
'35 PONTIAC 6 Sedan, R&H	195	13.74
'37 FORD 4-Dr. Sedan, R&H	295	20.91
'37 BUICK 4-Dr. Sedan	295	20.91
'37 CHEVROLET Sedan	295	20.91
'38 PACKARD 6 Sedan, R&H	395	27.99
'38 FORD 85 4-Dr. Sedan, R&H	395	27.99
'38 CHEV. Master De Luxe Sedan	395	27.99
'38 CHEV. Mas. 4-Dr. Tour., H., R.	395	27.99
'38 CHEV. Sedan, R&H	395	27.99
'38 CHEV. Rumble Seat Cpe., H.	395	27.99
'38 CHEV. Conv. Cpe., H.	395	27.99
'38 CHEV. Mas. 2-Dr. Tour., H.	395	27.99
'38 CHEV. Sedan, R&H	395	27.99
'38 CHEV. Rumble Seat Cpe., H.	395	27.99
'38 CHEV. Conv. Cpe., H.	395	27.99
75 OTHERS AT EQUIVALENT PRICES		
EVERY CAR READY TO GO & GUARANTEED		
MR. HESSEL—ASP. 0115—ASP. 1173		
12 years same address		
266-268 COMMONWEALTH. Open 'til 10 P. M.		

DEALERS WELCOME

These cars are all attractively priced

'35 Ford Sedan	'34 Chev. Sedan
'35 Ford Sedan	'35 Chev. Tour.
'37 Ford Sedan	'36 Chev. Sedan
'38 Ford Sedan	'37 Chev. Sedan
'38 Ford Sedan	'33 Buick Sedan
'37 Olds. Sedan	'35 Buick Sedan
'35 Olds. Sedan	'35 Olds. Coupe

PAR. 6400
1782 CENTER ST., WEST ROXBURY
2 PHYSICAL PLANTS TO SERVE
OPEN EVES. TILL 11 P. M.

PORTER SQ. CHEVROLET

$5 PER WEEK DELIVERS
'37 CHEV. De L. Spt. Cpe. 25,000 mi. $325
'36 CHEV. De L. 4-Dr. Sed. Radio. $295
'34 PLYMOUTH 4-Dr. Sedan. 1 owner. $225
'33 FORD 4-Dr. Sedan. Exceptional. $175
'35 CHEV. 2-Dr. original throughout. $185
'34 FORD 4-Dr. Sedan. Radio. $195
SEEN TODAY—100 OTHERS
2055 Mass. Ave., Cambridge. KIR. 4400

'38 Chev. D. L. Spt. Sed. Quality car. Spotless. Radio, Heater. This one is a Beauty. $425
WEST END CHEVROLET
808 MAIN ST. WALTHAM
WALtham 0083 Can be seen today

PHONE TODAY
'40 Chev. Spec. D.L. Conv. Cpe. White side wall tires, many extras. Driven by a lady. Only $725
MOYE CHEVROLET
421 WASH. ST. NEWTON CORN. BIG. 0626. OPEN EVES.

1936 FORD SPT. SEDAN
This beautiful 4-Door car is one of the cleanest in this section. Driven by one lady, built-in trunk, 85 H.P. motor, small oil to low mileage. $225
Hub Chevrolet Co.
377 MASS. AVE., CAMB. TRO. 6100

'40 PLYMOUTH SEDAN
Priced right. Parkway Pontiac, 1782 Center St., W. Roxbury, PAR. 6400.

'39 CHEVROLET
2-Pass. Cpe., 24,000 mile. $395
Radio and heater. Like new.
Mr. Richards, Jackson Chev. GAR. 7900.

'31 LA SALLE SPORT SEDAN
V. Wh. B. & H. See today. Parkway Pontiac, 1782 Center St., W. Roxbury, PAR. 6400.

'37 CHEVROLET Town Sedan. $345
Motor overhauled and guaranteed like new. 126 Main St. MALden 4500.

BROADWAY CHEV. CORP. 1136 BROADWAY, SOMERVILLE. "HOME OF LOW PRICES." LIB. 3700.

$59 DOWN

Easy to Ride Easier to Own

BUYS A NEW 1941 INDIAN TWIN BALANCE 24 WEEKLY INCLUDES FIRE, THEFT INSURANCE FOR 1 YEAR
—WE TEACH YOU TO RIDE FREE—

70 MILES PER GALLON CHEAPER THAN SHOE LEATHER. THIS MODEL TAKES THE LOWEST RATE OF COMPULSORY INSURANCE. FOR EXAMPLE—FROM APRIL 1st to END OF YEAR THE RATE IS $35 IN BOSTON. LOWER ELSEWHERE.

SEND 10 CENTS TODAY FOR LATEST LITERATURE AND SPECIAL BARGAIN BULLETIN OF OUR MANY USED MOTORCYCLE VALUES IN ALL MAKES AND MODELS. THIS ALSO INCLUDES LATEST ISSUE OF INDIAN NEWS.

CRANDALL-HICKS CO.
SPECIALISTS IN ECONOMICAL TRANSPORTATION
957 COMMONWEALTH AVE., BOSTON

OLDSMOBILE CADILLAC
HEALER MOTORS Inc.
SALES SERVICE

Bargain Specials

'35 Plymouth 2-Dr. Sedan	$145
'34 Chevrolet 4-Dr. Sedan	95
'32 Chevrolet Coupe	65
'35 Hudson 2-Dr. Trk. Sedan	195
'35 Terraplane Coupe	145
'34 Pontiac 4-Dr. Sedan	95
'31 Ford Tudor	$ 35
'34 Pontiac 2-Dr.	95
'34 Olds. 4-Dr. Sedan	125
'35 Hudson 4-Dr. Sedan	225
'35 Olds. 4-Dr. Sedan	188
'36 Plymouth Coupe	175

SEE THESE CARS THIS COMPANY OWNED SHOP. CHOOSE FROM—LIBERAL ALLOWANCES AND PROMPT DELIVERIES.

OLDSMOBILE - CADILLAC DEALERS
43 NO. BEACON ST. WATERTOWN
12 WATERTOWN ST.

QUALITY **USED CARS** **BUY NOW AND SAVE**

'35 PLYMOUTH 2-Dr. Sed., Htr.	$495
'40 PLYMOUTH 5-Pr. Cpe., Htr.	645
'37 FORD Convertible Coupe	375
Radio, Heater, new top. Good finish and motor	
'40 FORD DE LUXE TUDOR Heater and defroster. Car	$645
is like new	
'35 PLYMOUTH Coupe, a buy!	$250
'36 PONTIAC 6 2-Dr. Sed., clean	295
'40 NASH 4-Dr. Sed., Air cond.	835

E. E. WADSWORTH, Inc.
Chrysler-Plymouth Dealer
116 ADAMS ST., MILTON
BLUEHILLS 0070—OPEN EVES.

COOMBS MOTOR CO. of Watertown
"Today's Best Buys"

'38 Ford Sedan	$310
'38 Packard 6 Sedan	795
'37 Dodge 4-Dr. Sedan	375
'38 Chev. ½-Ton Canopy Express	345
'37 Ford ½-Ton Panel	195

All cars in beautiful condition. Many others to choose from. All makes and models. See them today.
49 North Beacon St., Watertown
WAT. 7690 OPEN EVENINGS
Ford—Mercury—Zephyr Dealer

'40 LINCOLN ZEPHYR
De Luxe Sedan. Just traded from original owner. Driven only 7000 miles, radio, heater, white wall tires, custom upholstery, beautiful equipment throughout. Car is almost like new. Will sell at attractively low price for quick sale and turnover. See Mr. McKenna.
60 Other Choice Cars from $25 Up

WAYLAND MOTORS
Boston Post Rd.—Wayland
WAYLAND 104 OPEN EVES.
Authorized Ford-Mercury Dealer

PLYMOUTHS
'39 De Luxe Tr. 4-Dr. radio. $515
'38 De Luxe Tr. 4-Dr. radio. $515
'38 Low Mileage Coupe, htr. 415

HOOVER MOTORS
MOTOR MART, PARK SQ.
HUB. 7100. OPEN EVENINGS

'35 Chev. Spt. Roadster School teacher car. Low mileage. Beautiful condition. $185
WEST END CHEVROLET
808 MAIN ST. WALTHAM
WALtham 0083 Can be seen today

PHONE TODAY
'35 Mercury 4-Dr. Tr. Sedan Has radio and heater. Low mileage. Car is like new in every detail. See it today. $575
MOYE CHEVROLET
421 WASH. ST. NEWTON CORN. BIG. 0626. OPEN EVES.

1936 FORD SPT. SEDAN
This beautiful 4-Door car is one of the cleanest in this section. Driven by one lady, built-in trunk, 85 H.P. motor, small oil to low mileage. $225
Hub Chevrolet Co.
377 MASS. AVE., CAMB. TRO. 6100

'40 PLYMOUTH SEDAN
Priced right. Parkway Pontiac, 1782 Center St., W. Roxbury, PAR. 6400.

'39 CHEVROLET
2-Pass. Cpe., 24,000 mile. $395
Radio and heater. Like new.
Mr. Richards, Jackson Chev. GAR. 7900.

'31 LA SALLE SPORT SEDAN
V. Wh. B. & H. See today. Parkway Pontiac, 1782 Center St., W. Roxbury, PAR. 6400.

'37 CHEVROLET Town Sedan. $345
Motor overhauled and guaranteed like new. 126 Main St. MALden 4500.

BROADWAY CHEV. CORP. 1136 BROADWAY, SOMERVILLE. "HOME OF LOW PRICES." LIB. 3700.

THE BOSS WANTS ACTION

ACT NOW! WHILE THESE PRICES LAST

'40 BUICK Tr. Sedan, R&H	$799
'39 BUICK 4-Dr. Sedan, 6-cyl. Tr. Sedan, R&H	599
'38 BUICK 4-Dr. "40" Tr. Sedan, Heater	499
'36 BUICK 4-Dr. Sed., R&H	289
'38 Dodge 4-Dr. Tr. Sedan, R&H	3429
'37 Packard Spc. R. & H.	299
'36 Dodge 4-Dr. Tr. Sed., R&H	299
'35 Ford Tudor, a sweetheart	129

MANY OTHER SIMILAR BARGAINS—OPEN EVES.

MORE FOR YOUR MONEY AT
ULLIAN'S BUICK, Chelsea
976-996 Broadway CHE. 2970

NO CASH DOWN BALANCE MONTHLY at $5 weekly
Open Evenings—Big Choice
'40 Pontiac Club Convertible
'40 Dodge Club Trc. Sedan, R&H
'39 Mercury Club Convertible
'39 Ford Club Convertible
'39 Plymouth Beach Wagon
'40 Plymouth 4-Dr. Sedan, R. & H.
'39 Dodge 4-Dr. Sedan, R&H
'36 Ford Beach Wagon
WE GUARANTEE OUR USED CARS
PARTS AND LABOR TRUE
HOMESTEAD MOTORS
DODGE-PLYMOUTH
1311 Boylston St., at Fenway Park
2 sts. from Sears-Roebuck. Com. 1150

SPECIALS
ALL CARS GUARANTEED DOWN PAY'T
'36 FORD Conv. Cpe., heater $90
Looks and runs like new.
'36 FORD De L. 4-Dr. heater $60
Looks and runs like new.
'36 FORD De L. 2-Dr., heater $60
Looks and runs like new.
'35 FORD De Luxe Fordor Sed. $47
Completely overhauled, a nice one.
'39 FORD Sedan Delivery $135
Radio, heater, motor and tires like new, looks and runs just like new.

CLARK & COK, Inc.
Authorized FORD DEALERS
36 HARVARD AVE., W. MEDFORD
OPEN EVES. Tel. ARLington 4160

HAROLD LONEIL
17 GRANITE AVE., cor. Gallivan Blvd.
'39 OLDS 4-Dr. Sedan $695
'37 DODGE Sedan 325
'36 DODGE Sedan 225
'38 PLYMOUTH Sedan 495
'37 FORD Sedan 225
DODGE-PLYMOUTH. Colonial 4700

USED CARS THICK
G. M. C. USED TRUCK LOT
OPEN EVENINGS

1935 OLDS. TOWN SEDAN
6 cyl car, original pre metal finish, as A-1 car priced right. Equipped with Built-in Radio, heater and large trunk, priced at **$235**
Hub Chevrolet Co.
377 MASS. AVE., CAMB. TRO. 6100

New 1940 Willys 4-D. S. $100
Down, show model, large discount. Terms As Low As $5 Down
'36 PONTIAC SEDAN, R. & H.
Has had best of care. Parkway Pontiac, 1782 Center St., W. Roxbury, PAR. 6400.

'35 PLYMOUTH 4-DOOR
2-Pass. Cpe., 24,000 mile. $395
Radio and heater. Like new.
100 Main St., Malden. Tel. MALden 4500.

'34 Dodge 4-Dr. Sedan, $255
Rad. R. & H. See today. Parkway Pontiac, 1782 Center St., W. Roxbury, PAR. 6400.

'37 Chev. 4-Dr. Sed., $255. Excellent condition. Motors, Used Car List, Middlesex Ave. at Fellsway. SOMerset 6585.

'33 De Soto De L. Coupe $75
6 wheel de luxe equipment. An excellent car for the money. Motors, Used Car List, Middlesex Ave. at Fellsway. SOMerset 6585.

CLOSED SUNDAYS
Sale starts Monday at 9:00 A. M. $0 DOWN ON CARS AND TRUCKS UP TO $300; 5% DOWN ON CARS AND TRUCKS $300 AND OVER.

600 CARS ON HAND $20 to $2000

'38 Olds. Coupe	$535
'38 Olds. 6-Dr. Tour. Sedan	645
'38 Olds. Tour. Sedan	600
'38 Packard 6 Tour. Sedan	695
'38 Packard Tour. Sedan	675
'38 Packard Lim. Sedan	795
'38 Packard Lims. Sed., 6-whl.	895
'38 Packard Low Club Cab'let	850
'38 Plymouth Spt. Coupe	525
'38 Plymouth Conv. Coupe	500
'38 Plymouth Mast. De L. Tour. Sedan, R&H	575
'37 Buick Sedan	600
'37 Buick Tour. Sedan	550
'37 Cadillac Limo., 8 wheels	695
'37 Cadillac Limo., 6 wheels	795
'37 Chev. Town Sedan	295
'37 Dodge Sedan	295
'37 Ford Tudor	195
'37 Ford Fordor	295
'37 Ford Sedan	295
'37 Ford Coupe	225
'37 Ford Conv. Sedan	495
'37 Ford Tudor	225
'37 Ford Sedan	295
'37 Graham Sedan	295
'37 Lafayette Coach	295
'37 Lincoln Club Coupe	495
'37 LaSalle Sedan	350
'37 LaSalle Tr. Sedan	395
'37 LaSalle Sedan, 5-Pr. Tour.	395
'37 Olds. 6 Tour. Sedan	395
'37 Olds. 8 Tour. Sedan	495
'37 Olds. Fordor Sedan	395
'37 Olds. Coupe	350
'37 Packard Coupe	595
'37 Packard Tour. Sedan	695
'37 Packard Lims.	895
'37 Pontiac Tour. Sedan	395
'37 Plymouth Sedan	295
'37 Plymouth Coupe	275
'37 Pontiac Sedan	395
'37 Pontiac Coupe	295
'37 Studebaker Sedan	345
'37 Studebaker Coupe	295
'36 Dodge 4-Dr. Tr. Sedan	295

Plenty More Cars & Trucks
We have over 150 low priced workingmen's cars and plenty of 1936-5-6-7 models. Many are one owner cars which space does not permit us to list. We also have 35 trucks. Trades considered on some models. Come in and see us.

Majestic Motors, Inc.
1540 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.
Garrison 6773-4 Open 7 to Midnite
CLOSED ON SUNDAYS

LOOK
BROADWAY BARGAINS
'40 Plymouth 4-Dr. Tr. Sedan $628
De Luxe model—Radio & Heater
'39 Chevrolet De L. 2-Dr. Sed., $565
Radio, Heater, Defroster, Extras.
'39 Chev. De L. Tr. Sedans, from $460
1 to choose from. Priced right.
'39 Plymouth 2-Dr. Tr. Sedan $325
'39 Plymouth De Luxe Coupe $375
'38 Chevrolet Sedan Delivery $295
'38 Ford Coupe for only $275
'38 Chevrolet Coupe, R&H $375
'38 Plym. 2-Dr. Tr. Sed. $395
'35 Plymouth 4-Door Sedan $145
'36 Olds. 6 4-Dr. Tr. Sedan $95
AS LOW AS $10 DOWN
Broadway Chevrolet
730 Broadway SOMERVILLE
Somerset 3700 OPEN EVENINGS

COME TO BELMONT FOR VALUES
None Better Anywhere
'40 Pontiac 4-Dr. Sed. de luxe $735
'39 Dodge De L. 4-Door Sed. .. $615
'38 Dodge Sedan $495
'37 Dodge 4-Dr. D. L. Sedan .. $365
'36 Dodge 4-Dr. D. L. Sedan .. $295
70 other cars. All makes, reconditioned, $50 to $600. See us for a good trade.
PLEASANT ST. GARAGE
1000 Pleasant St., Belmont, Tel. 1100
ALWAYS OPEN

1940 CHEVROLETS
12 Hand Picked Cars to choose from including MASTER DE LUXE and SPECIAL DE LUXE EXTRAS. ALL BIG ENGINES. TOWN SEDANS, 4-PASS. COUPES AND CONVERTIBLE COUPES. ALL THESE CARS ARE EQUIPPED WITH RADIO, HEATER AND EXTRAS. ALL ONE OWNER CARS. TRADES BY OUR REGULAR CUSTOMERS. THESE ARE SOME OF THE MARKET. YOU CAN TRADE-UP TO ONE OF THESE AT A REASONABLE ALLOWANCE.
CHELSEA CHEVROLET Inc.
550 BROADWAY—CHE. 1880
OPEN EVENINGS

BARGAIN BOX
'38 Packard 6 Tr. 120 Sedan ..$735
Radio, heater, good condit. As is
'34 Studebaker 6 Sedan $95
Good condition.
'34 Ford Coupe $85
HOOVER MOTORS
MOTOR MART, PARK SQ.
HUB 7100. OPEN EVENINGS

For Outstanding Values in Used Cars and Trucks
Visit **THE ANNEX**
95 Middlesex Ave. Medford
Just Over Wellington Bridge
Terms As Low As $5 Down
Tel. MYStic 3675—Always Open

1939 CHEV. SPT. SEDAN
De Luxe Model, a wonderful family Sedan, low mileage, large built-in trunk, fully equipped, like new throughout. Priced for quick sale. Original paint. 5 like this. **$495**
Hub Chevrolet Co.
377 MASS. AVE., CAMB. TRO. 6100

1937 CHEVROLET DUBLE $385
De Luxe sedan. Ebony black finish, new white wall tires, heater, radio, one owner car. MOOVER MOTORS, Used Car List, Middlesex Ave. at Fellsway. Somerset 6585.

'41 FORD BEACH WAGON
Super de luxe. Less than 2 weeks old. Will sacrifice at big savings.
CASH OR TERMS
Cosby Lees Garage, 10 St. Botolph St., Boston

'33 De Soto De L. Coupe $75
6 wheel de luxe equipment. An excellent car for the money. Motors, Used Car List, Middlesex Ave. at Fellsway. SOMerset 6585.

Don't Be HEE HAW HEE HAW

LOWER PRICES • LOWER PRICES • LOWER PRICES • LOWER PRICES

OUR PRICES ARE LOWER
Don't be misled by advertisements that say cars are higher—come in and take advantage of the biggest selection in the state.
Our 4-Point Guarantee on cars $200 or over or 1-Year 36-500 Guarantee & Lowest Price & Highest Value & We're the only dealers that certifies the year of a car.

'41 Buick 51 Sedan	$1005
New—cost $1422.	
'41 Plymouth De L. 2-Door	799
Radio & heater. Cost $842	
'41 Chev. Master De L. Sedan	745
Blackout—white sidewalls.	
'40 Buick 56 Club Coupe	795
Beautiful.	
'40 LaSalle Club Coupe	$795
Cost $1600, like new.	
'40 Olds 8 Torpedo	1095
Cost $1600. Quiet.	
'40 Buick, 51 Sedan	845
Two-tone gray.	
'40 Packard De L. Sedan	845
Cost $1500—real A No.	
'40 Dodge De L. 5-Door	675
Very clean.	
'40 La Salle 52 Torpedo	895
Cost $1700, like new.	
'40 La Salle Club Cabriolet	795
Radio and heater.	
'40 Plym. De Luxe Sedan	595
Gunmetal—clean.	
'40 Studeb. 6 Coach	545
12,000 miles.	
'40 Cadillac 5-Pass. Sedan	1095
Clean as new.	
'40 Olds 70 Coupe	625
'39 Buick 41 Special	575
'39 Buick 41 Sedan	595
'39 Dodge De Luxe Sedan	495
'39 Ford 85 Tudor	395
'39 Ford 85 Sedan	495
'39 Lincoln Zephyr	695
'39 La Salle Sedan	595
'39 Cadillac 60 Sedan	725
Like New	

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Sed. R. & H. See today. Parkway Pontiac, 1782 Center St., W. Roxbury, PAR. 6400

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
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Week of April 13, 1941

Wonderlands Under the Sea

By **WILLIAM CROWDER,**
Naturalist and Marine Artist.

NOT the least of the factors contributing to the weirdness of some wonderlands under the sea is the ferocity and the terrible aspect of certain of the inhabitants. From the human point of view, nothing in Nature is perhaps more frightful than some of the abyssal fishes or certain sea-spiders and crawling things like sea-worms, and even the more familiar octopus. Even to their natural prey it is conceivable that the mere aspect of these rapacious creatures is hobgoblinlike in its terrorizing effect.

Chief among hideous fishes may be ranked the chimera (Chaulodus sloani), a dweller of the depths, but sometimes coming near the surface, particularly at night, where it causes havoc among weaker fishes. It is armed with a set of long, slender, sharp teeth in a large head provided with strong jaws. So long are these teeth that the mouth cannot be completely closed. Often the chimeras will fight pitched battles with each other over the possession of prey; sometimes, indeed, a free-for-all fight ensues in which the weaker chimeras are badly mutilated or killed.

Because no green vegetation exists in the very deep parts of the ocean such creatures as live there must subsist on one another. Such creatures are almost invariably as weird as are their surroundings. Very curious among these is the giant sea-spider. This animal belongs to a strange and somewhat unfamiliar group that seems to be not even remotely related to true spiders.

On the other hand, the octopus, which has just been mentioned as ranking high among the most forbidding of marine monsters, is a very close kin of the oyster and the clam. The layman might wonder at these facts. But relationships among both plants and animals are proved not by superficial appearances, but by anatomical and other evidences too involved for discussion here.

Another factor which contributes so much charm and no less often so much weirdness to wonderlands under the sea, is the remarkable transparency of the waters in which these settings are often seen.

The deep transparent blue of the ocean has been celebrated in the literature of every age. Precisely how the sea assumes its characteristic color seems not to be well understood despite considerable research. That the depth of the water is in some way associated with the phenomenon of color should appear from the fact that the purest blues are largely seen far from land; whereas, it is well known, the shallows of the tropics are always green.

On the other hand, it may be observed that the Rhone River in Europe, at its emergence from Lake Geneva, and indeed the lake itself, displays an intensity of blue that surpasses the blue of any salt-water sea.

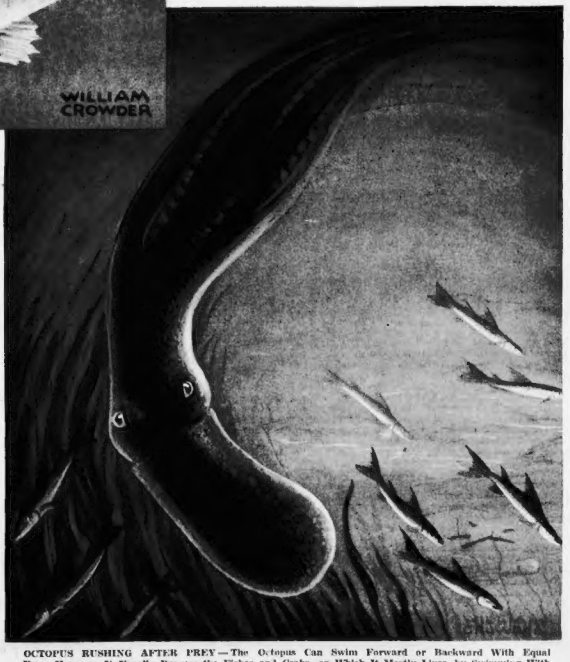
Unquestionably a distinct relationship exists between the color of the water in the sea and its purity, or transparency. Water that contains fewer small floating organisms is more blue than is otherwise the condition. An increase in the turbidity is usually accompanied by an increasing cast of green.

The transparency of sea water has frequently been measured in different parts of the world, and it has been found that great differences occur in the various regions. In the Sargasso Sea, in the neighborhood of the Gulf Stream about midway between the Bermudas and the Virgin Islands, a white disk six feet in diameter could be seen 216 feet below the surface; the same disk in the equatorial currents and the cold

(Continued on Page 15)

FIGHTING CHIMERAS—Nature Has Provided the Chimeras With Long Sharp Teeth for Seizing Their Food. These They Use With Terrible Effect in Pitched Battles Which Occur Over the Possession of Prey.

GIANT SEA-SPIDER SEIZING MARINE WORM—Many Fathoms Down, on the Floor of the Sea, No Vegetation Grows, and the Inhabitants Are Obliged Perforce to Subsist on One Another.



OCTOPUS RUSHING AFTER PREY—The Octopus Can Swim Forward or Backward With Equal Ease; However, It Usually Pursues the Fishes and Crabs, on Which It Mostly Lives, by Swimming With Its Torpedo-Like Body Foremost, Trailing Its Powerful Sucker-Arms Behind.

The Redskin Millionaire Insists That His Filling Station Job Is No Stunt, But That He's Proving He's a Serious Young Man and a Credit to His Tribe.

Worth $8,000,000 But Works Hard For $18 A Week

IF YOU drive into a certain service station in Tulsa, Oklahoma, and find your gasoline tank filled and your windshield wiped by a dark-skinned, grease-stained and somewhat plump young Indian who seems to be only one of the $8-a-week flunkies, don't look down your nose at him. He's got more money than you'll ever have.

He may work hard for his $3 a day. But he can, if he wants to, spend four times that much every day in the week and every week in the year without working.

This young Indian is Willie Taylor, 24-year-old nephew of the chief of the Oklahoma Seminoles. And he has a fortune estimated at more than $8,000,000. He is, in fact, one of the richest Indians in the country.

Tulsans snorted a little and shook their heads in bewilderment early this year when they heard that Willie Taylor with his $75 a week allowance, actually had started work in a filling station.

"It won't last," was the unanimous comment. "He's doing it as a stunt, or to get some publicity." But it has.

"And I intend for it to keep on lasting," Taylor says slowly and seriously. "I've been on this job six weeks now. I work from 7:30 a. m. to 6 p. m. I wash and grease cars. I work hard."

The young Indian's boss, John Chronister agrees.

"I didn't have the faintest idea who he was when I employed him," said Chronister. "But he sticks on the job, and he's getting along all right. He's a good boy." Willie was hired because his application blank was neatly filled out and he seemed intent on doing his best.

Willie insists that his taking a job is no "stunt."

"I'm serious," he says, "most wealthy Indians are lazy. They don't have to work. I want to show my tribe that hard work hurts nobody. I would like to be a leader of my tribe, and to show them that I can manage my own affairs."

That last sentence is important for Willie is not the manager of his own affairs, except for his $75-a-week allowance and his $18-a-week salary. Litigation begun in a Seminole County court eight years ago has put his vast wealth under the thumb of the United States Indian Department. An "administrator" keeps books on Willie's cost of living.

The crux of the whole situation is that several of the litigants against Willie would like to see him declared incompetent. He has fought off several attempts already, and there will be others. So—

"I make out my own monthly reports of expenditures for the United States probate attorney," Willie smiles quietly. "I prove I am serious by getting a job. And I know I won't be declared incompetent as long as I continue to prove where I stand."

Who is behind the constant legal assaults on Willie's fortune?

"Oh," Willie shrugs, "some of my relatives. At least they say they're my relatives."

Willie was left an orphan and his uncle and aunt, Gibson and Judy Taylor, took him into their home. "They were just like parents to me," he says.

The Taylors and George Jones, another uncle who was chief of the Seminoles, all had farms in central eastern Oklahoma. The land gave them a lazy living.

It was in 1926, that oil was discovered in and around Seminole. There followed one of the wildest booms in Oklahoma's wild history. Land prices soared to fabulous heights. Most of Willie's relations sold all or sizable parts of their farms, or granted lease rights at low figures.

It wasn't Willie's fault that he was a minor during all the excitement, but he's glad of it now. He might have sold some of his property, too.

As it is, oil wells on his land began spouting black gold into a purse on which the Government held the strings. The purse grew heavier and heavier. Best estimates indicate it holds approximately $8,000,000. It may be more. The Government won't say. But it is growing even now. Oil still is being produced. And the interest on the money is being put back into principal. Willie gets $3,000 a year from it. But his true income is probably ten or twenty times that figure.

No miner was oil struck than Willie went on a splurge of education. He attended Bacone Indian School, an Indian school in Arizona, a military academy in Missouri and another military academy in Kentucky.

Despite his millions, William Taylor doesn't aspire to the title of "world's richest Indian." He recalls only too well the notoriety and pain that accompanied that title bestowed on the late Jackson Barnett, also a Seminole. A white woman married Barnett, hauled him off to Hollywood, installed him in a huge mansion, and made his life a constant succession of parties and lawsuits. Barnett didn't have much fun, Willie avers.

Willie doesn't even have any desire for grandeur. He lives in a modest apartment. He doesn't drink, and smokes only moderately. A package of cigarets lasts four days.

Willie dresses neatly and insists that all his accessories match. He doesn't even own a 10-gallon hat, although he prefers a wide-brim semi-Western type of headgear.

"I get all sorts of letters and calls from women," Willie admits. "Some of them don't say very nice things. I have had lots of chances to get married. But what would I gain?"

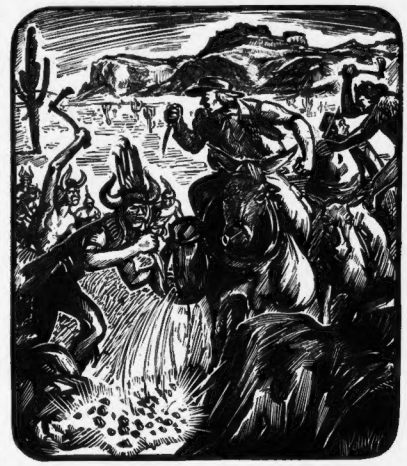
Still Hunting For Superstition Mountain's Hoard Of Gold

FOR 50 YEARS men have searched in vain for the fabulously rich Lost Dutchman Mine, hidden within the forbidding shadows of the treacherous Superstition Mountain in southern Arizona. But their grim hunt has left only a trail of death and violence that gives added credence to the curse that seemingly overtakes anyone who persists in seeking the famous treasure.

Interest in the Lost Dutchman is again widespread because of the expedition being organized by the Dons Club of Phoenix to re-discover the almost legendary mine. So famous is this mine that people in almost every State in the Union and parts of Canada have asked permission to join this search.

The blood curse started with Pedro Peralto, grandson of a Spanish nobleman of the same name, who discovered the bonanza mine in 1846. Seeking a new source of income for the shrunken fortunes of the Peraltas, who lived in Chihuahua, Mexico, Pedro set forth into the uncharted wilds of Arizona in search of gold, which was there for those willing to brave the dangers of savage Indians. And he found more gold than he had ever dreamed of in the rugged Superstition Mountains, long sacred to the Apaches as the home of the thunder gods.

Resentful of this sacrilegious invasion, the Apaches awaited their revenge. When Pedro and his miners started out of the mountains with a burro train loaded with gold ore, they descended upon the luckless band and not a man was left alive. They ripped open the leather ore bags and scattered the contents over the mountain side. The leather was valuable to them but gold meant nothing. Thus the blood curse was started and it soon followed all who have sought the Lost Dutchman since. Years later, in 1914, this scattered ore was picked up by H. C. Silverlock, a prospector, who got better than $18,000 for it.



Legend Says That the Apaches Massacred Peralto and His Miners, Ripped Open the Bags Loaded With Shining Nuggets and Scattered Them Over the Desert Sand.

The mine remained unworked until 1871, when two men known only as Jacobs and Ludi, prospecting in the Superstitions stumbled on Peralta's old diggings. And at this time Jacob Walz, the Dutchman from whom the mine got its name, also entered the scene.

Early in 1871 Walz and Jacob Wisner, his partner, both German immigrants, left Florence, Arizona, on a prospecting trip. Working into the Superstitions, they soon found traces of gold in the canyons where Pedro Peralto first found them. The story goes that, in tracing out the source of this placer gold, Walz and Wisner came upon Jacobs and Ludi busily working their newly discovered mine. The law of the West at that time was only the survival of the fittest. So Waltz and Wisner had no compunction in killing both men before they were even aware of their visitors. It was an easy matter to dispose of the bodies in the deep canyons and Walz and Wisner then eagerly inspected their spoils. Rich ore, such as they had never seen before, lay exposed. Possibly the same idea occured to both as greed for the yellow metal seized them, but Walz was the first to act and his rifle, still warm, again barked out its message of death. The curse had claimed three more victims in a single hour.

In a short time Walz gathered a sack full of the rich ore and headed for Phoenix. Once there he got uproariously drunk and bragged of his rich strike. His money was soon spent and he again headed back to the Superstitions for more gold. He was too wily to record his ill-gotten claims so he kept the whereabouts of his strike to himself.

Again and again he was followed as he left Phoenix, but he always eluded his trackers. This hide and seek continued for years, until the Dutchman found himself getting too old for such strenuous trips.

During this time, Walz became good friends with a Negro woman, Julia Thomas, and when he was stricken was pneumonia she was always at his bedside. When he realized he would not recover, he told Julia where his mine was located and even drew a rough map and gave her a small box of ore so she would know what to look for. He revealed that the last time he had left his mine, he had covered over the diggings so no one passing that way would stumble over it. Now it would be hers.

Walz died in 1892, without having told a living soul, except Julia Thomas, where he found his gold. Julia made several trips in search of the Lost Dutchman, only to fail and nearly die from lack of water and the deadly rattlers. She also died with the secret.

Two Canadian ex-soldiers, traveling from Fort McDowell to Superior, Arizona, took a short cut through the Superstitions and picked up a large piece of gold ore. On reaching Superior, they learned what they had found and immediately made preparations to return to the spot. This piece of ore brought them better than $500. They were to be gone two weeks, but again the curse fell and they were never seen again.

A short time later, a Superior miner named Phipps, tried to back trail the Canadians and find where they had picked up the ore. Several days later he returned, said he had found the mine and made immediate preparations to return. But on going down into his own mine for needed tools he was killed by a cave-in and again the curse claimed a victim.

In 1931, Adolph Ruth, a retired Government clerk from Washington, came to Phoenix with a map to show the location of the mine. It was supposedly an original, handed down by the Peraltas, containing detailed description of the various landmarks which located the mine. Ruth was impatient over his long awaited chance to try his luck. In spite of old timers' warnings, he entered the Superstitions in the dead of Summer.

When enough time had elapsed for him to have used up his meager provisions and returned, a search was made. Weeks later, his head minus the body was found with bullet holes in the decomposed skull.

A year later, a young man whose name was never learned, chartered a Phoenix airplane. He took numerous airplane pictures of various landmarks. One of the photos, of a large, peculiarly shaped rock, revealed a man in Mexican garb with a rifle across his knees. Acquaintances tried to dissuade him from making a trip alone, but he packed his gear and disappeared into the mountains. He was never seen again.

Repenting of 40 Years of Petty Thievery, the Yugoslavian Pickpocket Took a Hatchet and Hacked Off the Skilful Fingers of What He Calls His "Working Hand."

A Pickpocket Who Hacked Off His Own Hand

"AND IF thy right hand offend thee, cut it off, and cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell." Matthew 5:29.

Bible scholars have differed for centuries over whether Christ intended that stern adjuration to be translated literally or figuratively. In fact, small wings of the Christian religion—one of them in the Southwestern United States—believe that all parts of the Sermon on the Mount were meant for literal interpretation.

In that region about a year ago, a farmer who had been studying the Sermon reached the above passage, put down his big family Bible, strode into the woodshed, and lopped off his right hand with an axe.

Still more recently, a middle-aged Jugoslavian pickpocket repented of some forty years of petty thievery and hacked off his "working hand"—in this case his left—with a hatchet.

He was Dushan Stanishitch, a native of the little town of Podgorica near the Albanian border. Dushan came to be known as "Professor Dushan" because he trained some of Jugoslavia's slickest cut-purses. He had started on his own crime career when he was 10 years old.

By 15 he was an acknowledged expert and had struck up an acquaintance with Pavle Priya, one of his most "successful" students. Years later, Priya developed into a crook with an international reputation and died in a French jail while still "wanted" in a half-dozen countries.

There was another unusual thing about Dushan, though. He steadfastly refused to operate outside his beloved Province of Montenegro. This was in spite of the fact that operating in a restricted area meant familiarity with police and public and a resultant decrease in gross income.

In fact, Dushan achieved such close relations with the gendarmes that they many times took him aside for a heart-to-heart talk on the opportunities for success offered young pickpockets—in parts of the world other than Montenegro.

"Not me," Dushan would say patriotically, "there is a charm about a Montenegran's pocket that holds me here. I'm staying."

This patriotism was so extreme that Dushan often boasted that he had never felt the inside of a non-Montenegran pocket.

Early in his career Dushan decided that the women of Montenegro were too ticklish to be good subjects even for his inordinately light fingers. He also found that, even though he "operated on" peasant women in the local market places, these women usually carried much less money than their men.

After a number of hapless experiences that introduced him to the interiors of many jails, he decided to specialize in male pockets exclusively. The results of failure were more painful and much swifter but the chances of success were greater.

When Dushan became a master thief and was training his own gang of light finger artists—for a fee—"never pick a Montenegran woman's pocket" was one of his primary rules for success. And he saw to it that his pupils obeyed him to the letter.

Dushan came to know intimately all of Montenegro's provincial judges, prosecuting attorneys, jail officials and gendarmes. He knew the law enforcers' honest family and official problems and was never backward about offering advice and counsel. In later years, he was looked upon as a kind of walking compendium of police history, births, marriages, deaths, promotions, transfers and other affairs of interest in Montenegro's legal—and extra-legal—circles.

The precise reason for "Professor Dushan's" Spartan method of breaking his bad habits is shrouded in mystery. Some Montenegrans maintain that he merely fell victim to his overweening patriotism—that he finally repented his many years of victimizing fellow Montenegrans.

A few Balkan cynics—who know Dushan slightly better—hold that he probably reached for a compatriot's wallet, came forth with a Bible, and proceeded to read its contents. However, in view of the "Professor's" almost total lack of education—of the formal kind—it is unlikely that he was able to read any considerable part of the Holy Writ.

At any rate, he went to a farmer of his acquaintance and borrowed a hatchet. He told the man he wanted to chop himself a new walking cane. Then he ambled into the woodshed.

Not only did Dushan sacrifice his hand but he still further dramatized his act in the eyes of the Montenegrans by doing it the hard way. Instead of chopping off the member at the wrist with a single workmanship swing, "Professor Dushan" coolly pruned off his deft fingers one by one.

Then he threw down that hatchet, bound his hand with a dirty handkerchief, and shuffled out of the farm-yard.

Not long ago a prisoner startled a Detroit, Michigan, court room by offering to cut off the fingers that got him into trouble if the judge would put him on probation. His name was James Gillespie and he had been convicted of slugging a deliveryman with the butt of his revolver. The judge sent him to jail.

What Happens To Hunters Who Get Buck Fever

BEN M'ALPINE, Canadian guide, was telling about the queer things city sportsmen do when they get buck fever.

"Had a Melrose, Massachusetts, chap out with me one day," he began. "He promised his best girl he'd bring her home a deer if there was a deer in the woods. We was in a canoe on Upper Richardson Lake. I knew a lagoon that made back about half a mile a good deal like a stream, so we headed for it.

"Lily pads and lush grass on the sides of a narrow open channel in the middle. Great stamping ground for deer. Came down to the water to drink. When I reached a bend I whispered to Mr. Melrose to get ready for I knew right ahead was a deer run.

"Sure enough when we rounded the turn there, head away from us, stood a fine buck deer. I eased the canoe into a good position and then rocked it easy. That's the guide's signal to shoot. Melrose never moved. I rocked again, hard. The buck lifted his head and I knew he would scent us. Old Melrose might as well have been made of stone. Just as the buck jumped I yelled, 'For Pete's sake, shoot!'

"He snapped to life and what do you think he did?

Instead of Firing at the Buck, the Hunter Threw His Rifle Into the Water and Began to Cry.

Threw his rifle ahead into the water as far as he could. Then he began to cry. True as gospel. He was crazy. Soon came out of it and after considerable dragging we recovered his rifle. He slipped me $20 not to mention his name if I told the story and I won't. He was a good fellow but he sure had it bad.

"Funniest thing was when a young fellow from Portland got me to show him a deer. But when we raised a buck and a doe standing together within easy shooting distance I knew there'd be no deer meat for him.

"He aimed his rifle all right, but he begun to have the shakes. His teeth rattled like hailstones on a tin roof.

"Most of those that get buck fever just freeze right up. This fellow had a new brand. I yelled, 'Shoot, you damn fool!' He snapped out of it all right but dropped his rifle and started running through the brush shouting 'Hey, there, wait a minute. Wait!'

"I just rolled on the ground laughing, for this variety of buck fever I'd never heard of. He came out of it in a minute and acted sheepish and ashamed. Told me he couldn't have stopped yelling to save his soul."

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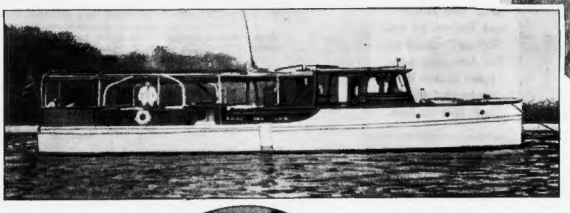
At One Party, Mrs. Posner Says, Her Husband Flouted Emily Post by Drawing Doodles on a Lady's Hosiery; But He Says It Was a Game of Tic-Tac-Toe, and Anyhow, the Lady Was Playing, Too.

Playful Mr. Posner's Parties and That Alimony Headache

David R. Posner, Wall Street Broker, Who, After Retiring to the Peaceful Alimony Jail, Recalled the Noisy Parties That Helped Bring on a Legal Hangover.

As the Court Solemnly Tunes in the Echoes of Those Hilarious High Jinks Before the Family Fracas, the Rich Broker Says He's Broke — And the Missus Moves to Maneuver His Kin Into Kicking Back the Wealth She Says He Slipped Them



The Posner Yacht "Muriel," Which Was Put Into Commission When Its Owners Wanted to Give Their Festivities a Salty Flavor.

Muriel Posner, the Suing Wife, Who Told the Court Her Husband Had Impoverished Himself Simply from Spite.

After the ball is over,
After the break of morn,
After the dancers leaving,
After the stars are gone;
Many a heart is aching,
If you could read them all;
Many the hopes that have vanished,
After the ball.

—*By Charles K. Harris.*

THE ABOVE sad little ditty, which had people weeping into their beer all through the otherwise gay Nineties, finds a mournful echo in the papers which Mr. and Mrs. David R. Posner, New York cafe socialites, have placed on file in connection with their separation and alimony troubles.

The modern equivalent of the 1890 ball, celebrated so gloomily by songwriter Harris, is, of course, the nightclub and the home binge, or, to give them a common collective name, party.

The dictionary defines a party as "a company or association of persons especially for social enjoyment"—especially, but not necessarily so. The parties the Posners went to—and judging from their legal papers they went to a lot—may have been designed for social enjoyment, but most of them seem to have ended in an "After The Ball" mood, with possibly a certain aching of the head to add to that of the heart.

Webster, in his dictionary, further defines a party as "The plaintiff or the defendant in a lawsuit," and thereby makes up a little for the over-optimism of his first definition. In fact, taken together, the two just about sum up the married life of the Posners, for they went from parties, in the first sense, to parties, in the second sense, as easily as some people go from bad to worse.

Bad to worse really applies in this case, because that is how things went, once the wife had been firmly established, according to Webster, as the plaintiff and the husband as the defendant. First came a *separation*, then the defendant went on a *kind* of sit-down strike in the alimony jail, and at length the plaintiff through her lawyer, Sidney I. Prager, started suing the Posner family.

Theoretically, she declared, David, who during business hours is a broker, might be as broke as he claimed to be—in other words, quite unable to pay alimony—but, on the other hand, why had he still been seen up to the moment of incarceration in nightclubs and other places where it costs money to draw a good long breath?

The answer to this rhetorical question, she went on, was that he had transferred his assets to his family, simply in order to protect them from her. So, unless the case is settled out of court—which is always a possibility—she wants the alleged transfer declared void and fraudulent and a receiver appointed for the wandering assets.

The Posners got married in 1929, right on the crest of the biggest wave of parties this country ever saw. The wave hit somewhere in November of that year and petered out in a trickle, but the Posners apparently had acquired enough momentum to keep right on rolling.

"Wall Street Bobby," the Posner's Prize-Winning Sealyham, That "Got Away from It All" With His Mistress in Grand Central Station.

In their affidavits some of their party experiences are not only described but, as it were, reflected. Both husband and wife, for example, report on the festivities of New Year's Eve, 1939; in each case it is the same party but the descriptions are reversed. The effect on the reader is that of walking into a room of which one of the walls is an enormous mirror.

The party going on in the room is shown again in the mirror, but with a magic difference, for what the wife is doing in one place, the husband is doing in the other.

"My husband," says Mrs. Posner, "insisted upon going to the apartment of a Mr. Harold Marlowe. I did not wish to go to his apartment and told my husband this. My husband, however, insisted that we go and began to speak in such a loud and demanding tone of voice that I agreed to accompany him. Shortly after we arrived there, my husband drank more intoxicating liquor and started to call me indecent names in the presence of the Marlowes, such that I told my husband I did not wish to stay.

"When I sought to leave, he began tugging on my arm and yelling at me in a loud voice. I finally left and climbed into a taxicab. My husband followed me and became more abusive by degrees. When we finally arrived home, he struck me on the face and caused my face to become black and blue. I was so upset and hurt that I telephoned to Dr. Silver, who immediately sent over a night nurse for that night, and a day nurse for me for New Year's Day."

David's post-mortem of the evening is as follows:

"We proceeded to the apartment of Harold Marlowe... for a midnight supper. We arrived there shortly before midnight. By this time plaintiff (Mrs. P.) had become completely intoxicated and proceeded to give vent to her utter dislike for Mr. Marlowe by using vile and indecent language. As the lights went out on the stroke of 12, plaintiff in a fit of anger lifted several highball glasses filled with liquor and promptly proceeded to pitch them around the room.

"As a result, the blue sequin evening gown worn by Mrs. Miller (another one of the guests and the wife of Frank L. Miller, Mr. Posner's lawyer) was damaged and the host was compelled to ask me to take Mrs. Posner home. I deny that I struck or in any way abused the plaintiff. As a matter of fact, upon our arrival home Mrs. Posner passed out completely, following which I returned to the Marlowe apartment.

"When I returned in the early hours of the morning, I found Mrs. Posner and a nurse, sitting in the bedroom, drinking liquor, and was quickly informed by the plaintiff that she had called during the night San Francisco and the Sztykgolds in Florida and had during the night also, with the aid of the nurse, opened a tin box with a can opener in an effort to find money she believed to be contained therein."

There must have been plenty of life in this party, for it keeps on raising its head again and again all through the papers on file. Mrs. Posner, for instance, comes back at her husband with a flat denial that she had had comported herself in an unladylike fashion, labelling his description "pure fable and quite contrary to the facts."

Whereupon, Mr. Posner gallantly amends his version—but only to the extent of saying that it was Seattle, Washington, she called, not San Francisco.

The Sztykgolds, who on this occasion appear only as the recipients of a long distance telephone call to Florida, are painted elsewhere by Mrs. Posner as a couple of the most long-suffering hosts on record.

She says her husband abused their hospitality at a dinner party shortly before Christmas in 1938 by calling one of the women guests a blankety-blank "Communist" and "other names too vile and indecent to set forth in these papers." Mr. Sztykgold, she goes on, "requested my husband to leave and when he appared to disregard the request, Mr. Sztykgold asked me if I would please take my husband home."

Mr. Posner passes the incident off by remarking that "during the course of the conversation, I was perhaps too free with my opinion that she (the woman guest) was a Communist."

In any case, the Sztykgolds don't seem to have been especially discouraged by the experience, for Mrs. Posner reports being invited to another dinner party at their house three months later. According to her, there were several important differences between this second evening and the first. However, the general pattern was so much the same that the Sztykgolds must have been tempted to exclaim: "This is where we came in."

This time, says Mrs. Posner, instead of outraging one of the ladies present by calling her a Communist, her husband hit on a more fanciful tactic: he pulled out a red pencil and began to draw doodles on the flesh-colored stocking of the woman next to him.

"The woman went into a different room to complain to her husband about the defendant's conduct. This woman's husband, realizing that the defendant was drunk, sought to gently dissuade him to turn his attentions elsewhere, whereupon the defendant tried to hit this man and to pick a fight with him."

As usual, Mr. Posner offers his own explanation of what occurred, after denouncing his wife's as "a distortion and a perversion of the truth."

"While it is true that I wrote on the lady's stocking with a red pencil, I do emphatically aver that it was done in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Miller in a spirit of levity with the assent of the lady in question, who suggested that we play the child game, tic-tac-toe."

Tic-tac-toe is not only one of those games which you have to feel pretty well to enjoy, but also one whose name has never made much sense. Mr. Posner in working out this new version may have corrected both these short-comings. At least, it can hardly be denied that the field on which he elected to play the game might add to its general interest, and, of course, once it got down to the feet there would be a pretty good reason to call it tic-tac-toe.

By no means all the Posner parties took place in their friends' homes. They did a lot of entertaining themselves, both on so-called dry land and at sea. In an interview, Mrs. Posner told about a salty escapade of their early married life, when David presented her with a yacht, named gallantly in her honor, the Muriel.

"Dave gave orders to anchor in the Hudson in front of the Palisades, where dinner was to be served. Reaching a spot he liked, he threw the anchor out, and believe me he threw it out. The chain broke and the anchor sank to the bottom.

"The guests had just been seated for dinner when pandemonium broke loose. The boat pitched from side to side and lobsters, turkey, ham and highballs were violently thrown over the diners. Then, when all hands rushed to the deck to see what had happened, several were washed overboard, including Chong, Dave's faithful manservant, who made the night air hideous with his appeals to Buddha to save him from the sharks."

While their own apartment in town was firmly anchored in a tall building, the high jinks that went on in it, she said, more than once gave her such a drifting sensation that, taking their prize-winning Sealyham, Wall Street Bobby, she went out and moored herself in the comparative peace and quiet of New York's Grand Central Station.

But, even on the point of who left home and why, the battling couple are at odds, for Mr. Posner says: "She has forced me from our home and compelled me to take up residence in a room large enough to accommodate but a single person at a time. My many requests as well as those of my attorney to permit me to return to my home have met with absolute refusals."

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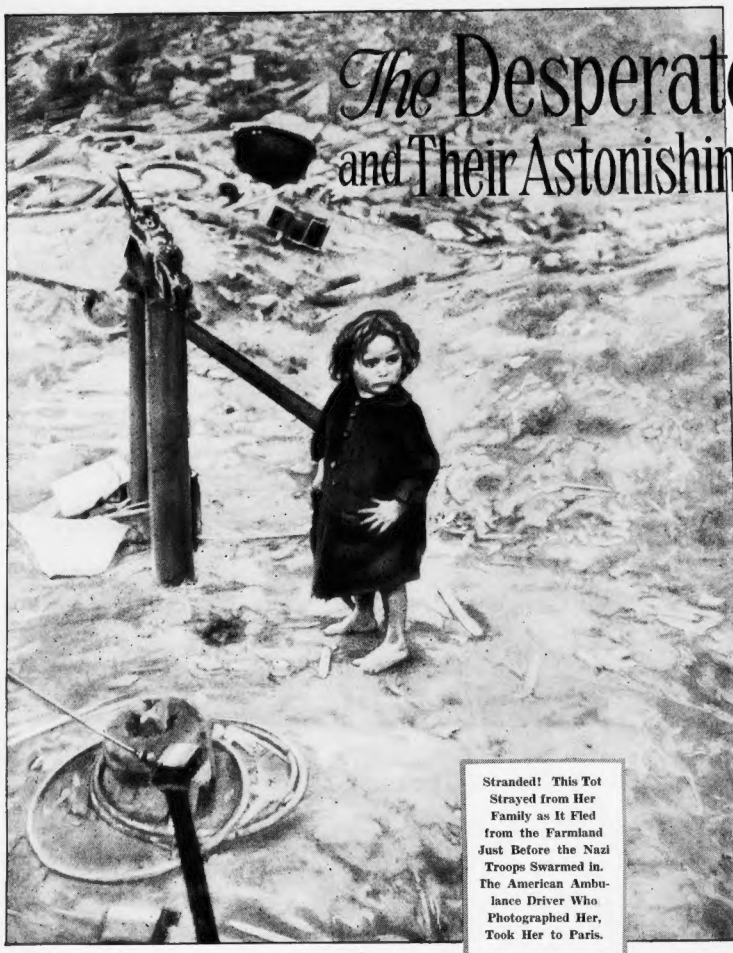
The Desperate Child Derelicts and Their Astonishing Queen, "White Glove"



Stranded! This Tot Strayed from Her Family as It Fled from the Farmland Just Before the Nazi Troops Swarmed in. The American Ambulance Driver Who Photographed Her, Took Her to Paris.

For Many Weeks After the Occupation the Young Derelicts, the Weak Supported by the the Cellars of Montmartre Under Cover of Night to Pool Their Loot, and to Listen to the Aristocratic Girl with the White Gloves.

THIS astonishing account of the desperate, forsaken children of Paris was written by Lowell Morrill, for eleven years The American Weekly's correspondent in the French capital. Mr. Morrill, caught in the onrushing tide of the Nazi invasion, was marooned in occupied territory when France surrendered. It was not until a month ago that he finally succeeded in making his way to Lisbon, with a few prized mementos and photographs, and taking passage for home.

Mr. Morrill knew gay pre-war Paris and its people as few Americans ever knew it. He knows, too, and at first hand, the desolate and terror-ridden place it has become under its Nazi conquerors. It is of the once gay French capital and its bands of wolfish urchins with their strange, aristocratic young Queen, known only as "White Gloved Madelaine," that this article tells.

By LOWELL MORRILL.

"DU SAVON, Monsieur?"

A ragged but well-nourished street urchin steps out of a dark alley in the Latin Quarter, displaying in an unwashed hand that rare treasure, a cake of soap.

The stores of Paris no longer carry soap, American or Turkish cigarettes, except one almost unsmokable brand of the latter; no silk stockings, underwear, nor a thousand and one other luxuries and articles which had been considered necessities of life before the occupation. But the street gamin, boy or girl, has them.

You pay the equivalent of a dollar for his ten-cent cake of soap and he asks if there is anything else you want. Well, perhaps a bottle of a certain well-known perfume, provided the price is not too exorbitant. The young rascal, with sharp eyes darting up and down the street for the possible approach of a policeman, informs you that he has with him only soap and cigarettes, but he will take your order.

These "baby bootleggers" of Paris will fill orders for almost anything no longer available in the stores, from pink silk panties to a bicycle.

They sell all the forbidden narcotics from cocaine to heroin, also the legitimate drugs, snatched from drug-store shelves by the invaders, with the notable exception of quinine, which they do not carry.

As one of the results of the looting and general destruction of occupied France, such a phenomenon as a child underworld, might well have been foreseen, but its prosperity and totalitarian organization under the domination of "Madelaine of the White Gloves," a 16-year-old girl "fuehrer," is something that surely no fiction writer could have dreamed.

Headquarters of the juvenile underworld is in an old Montmartre cafe, once well-known but long since closed and boarded up.

Most of its members are homeless orphans, whose relatives are dead, prisoners in Germany or fugitives who dare not reveal their hiding places by sending for the children, even if they were able to support them.

Madelaine seems to be in that class, but some are not. There are those who know very well that comfortable homes are waiting but scorn them. The ceaseless bedlam of phonograph and radio playing, in the Montmartre headquarters, the singing, shouting and even the dancing pauses for a moment when a member bursts in with a newspaper, carrying a picture of one of the boys or girls, with a pathetic advertisement asking that some little, lost darling be found and returned to his home.

Every day one reads such advertisements as this:

"Lost, my little daughter Annette, eight years old. She has blond, curly hair, blue eyes. When last seen she wore a white, knitted frock. Last trace of her was on June 13th, near Montagis, when my wife was killed by a bomb."

Howls of laughter and much teasing follow the reading when such an advertisement applies to one of the members. Quite a few have been identified by the police and returned to their waiting homes but this usually does little good. Hardly has the salvaged youngster been bathed, its matted hair combed and trimmed and clean clothes put on it, than the child runs away, back to the gang's hideout. These organized waifs are perhaps the only class in conquered Europe that is satisfied with Hitler's "new era."

ONLY a person who has witnessed the devastation of France, both ahead and behind the Nazi armies, rushing along almost without opposition, can understand how this situation came about.

One of the main factors in the French collapse was the clogging of all highways by French fugitives.

Some of this was due to the natural desire to escape the enemy but much was the deliberate work of Fifth Column agents, Frenchmen in the pay of Germany. In hundreds of villages, strange Frenchmen appeared and with authoritative manner read orders, purporting to be from high officials of the Province.

According to these fake orders, everyone was to pile his family and such belongings as he could into any vehicle available and hasten to the nearest crossroads, there to await further instructions, which never came.

Some remained waiting at the crossroads while others went on according to their own notions. The result was a complete clogging of every road by which the French soldiers might have escaped surrender. After serving their purpose of making the capture of the French armies easy, these fugitive-clogged roads became a nuisance to the advancing Germans, so their planes strafed them with bombs and machine guns.

AFTER this had happened a few times, the wretched, defenseless survivors abandoned everything to flee on foot through woods and fields. The Germans made the havoc complete by tossing cars, carts and bicycles into the ditches as they rushed ahead to their easy triumph. The plight of those who had plenty of money with which to buy food and shelter from such peasants as had remained on their lands, was not so bad. But for the penniless and the children who had lost their parents, the situation was about as bad as one might imagine. Returned American ambulance drivers and other foreigners say their plight was terrible.

Many of the lost children died, but a surprising number survived by adapting themselves to the new world which had suddenly been thrust on them. Parents, teachers, priests, ministers, the police, even God, seemed to have deserted them, to be replaced by murderous, triumphant human beings in tanks, planes and armored cars who killed anyone who got in their way. These were evidently the new lords of creation.

Right and wrong, honesty, truthfulness, cleanliness, obedience were all technicalities of the old era which had passed. All that counted now was to dodge bullets and if possible become friends with these terrible new masters. The first business of a living creature is to keep on living and the children's instincts prompted them how to begin.

FIRST came thirst, which they quenched unrebuked at the nearest stream or pond. Then came hunger. Few knew enough to have robbed the peasants' fields of raw vegetables even if the season had not been too early for finding much of anything edible. Some of the bolder ones crept back to the road at night, finding plenty of food by pilfering the overturned vehicles. Was it stealing? Maybe. But the people who said stealing was wrong had gone and here were conquering people who were stealing whole countries. They could not worry about that. It was enough to worry about food, shelter and bullets.

At first there were fights among the children in all the groups and the first thing they seem to have learned was to prevent this by rationing everything as equally as possible. After a while the food from the abandoned cars gave out, but thorough ransacking of the luggage revealed other things. Money!

Now certainly stealing money was wrong, if anything still was wrong. But the local child-leaders, who had taken charge at intervals along the roads, argued that if it was all right to take food, so it must be right to take money to buy food, and jewels to turn into money to buy food. If anyone wouldn't take his share of the money he would die of starvation which would be suicide and that was supposed to be as wrong as stealing.

The argument seemed unanswerable. The money was divided equally among members of each group that had found it and so were the jewels as well as could be managed by these inexpert little appraisers. Sometimes a large rhinestone was considered worth two flawless diamonds, each half its size. The one thing which troubled the youngsters was that the terrible new masters never stopped to plunder the cars. Could it be that the Germans did not steal, after all?

Later this last scruple was removed from their conscience when they learned that the invaders could not waste time on such small pickings while the rich storehouse of Paris awaited their robbery. These robbers thought in terms of trainloads. The money, and the jewelry to be sold for money, must be turned into food—but the children wondered where? Why in the cities, especially Paris. Along the roads now passed the word to follow the Germans to Paris.

A Legitimate Job.

SLOWLY the army of forsaken children started straggling toward the capital. It was now safe to use the highways, provided one was ready to jump into the ditch at the first sound of a detachment of the noisy mechanized reinforcements which kept coming up. Though these would run over anyone who did not get out of the way, they no longer shot at people who ran.

Like little bands of monkeys the children would scamper rapidly on their way a few hundred feet and then pause to investigate some extra-interesting car, only to find it had been thoroughly stripped. Then on again, until dark or rain forced them to seek shelter in the abandoned cars.

On the way they were forced to part with much of their money in return for food purchased from peasants and people in villages. Having little knowledge of values the poor youngsters were badly swindled. By the time Paris was reached they had learned to bargain and to do so in large groups, armed with sticks and missiles to make sure that no man snatched money or jewels from a small band, without regretting it.

Even so it was not long before the last franc, jewel and trinket had gone and they discovered that no provision had been made to feed or shelter them. It did not surprise them that the strutting conquerors turned them away. These superior persons never gave, just took.

A considerable portion of the Parisian populace had fled but many were left. All the children understood that they had a right to be fed by their parents and, if anything happened to their parents, by someone else until they grew up. Then they must earn their own living. Some of the older ones, as-

(Continued on Next Page)

To Some of the Dive-Keepers, the Older Derelicts Are Welcome Guests, and for Their Meals and a Few Hours' Recreation, Serve as Runners Drumming Up Customers From Among the Nocturnal Stragglers.

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# of Paris — Madelaine"

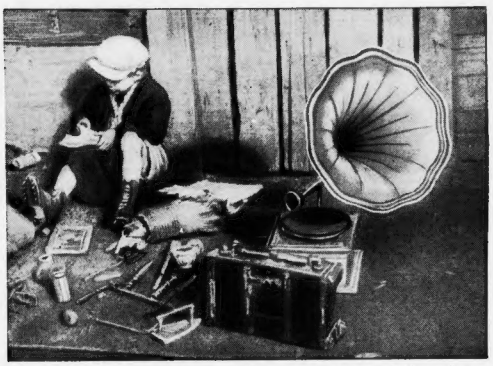
Like Flotsam in the Invasion's Wake, Homeless, Hungry Children Have Drifted From the Refugee Highways Into the Underworld, and Directed By Their Once-Aristocratic and Clever Young Mistress, Have Organized Their Struggle to Survive by Salvaging the Debris of War by Day—And by Robbery, Smuggling and Peddling Drugs and Stolen Goods Under Cover of Darkness

Strong, Sneaked Into Orders of the Strange,

Camera-Shy and Furtive, the White-Gloved Shepherdess of the Baby Vagabonds Trusts No One But Americans—And Those Few Loyal Cafe Owners Who Surreptitiously Give Her Shelter and Tips on Whom to Rob.

ACME PHOTO

The Once-Gay Streets of Montmartre Are Dark and Mysterious, and Through Them, Like Birds of Prey, Stalk the Alert Children to Do Their Stealing, and Peddling of Smuggled Goods.



From Junk Gathered Along the Debris-Strewn Roads, This Boy Sets Up in Business With a Phonograph and Collects Centimes for His Sidewalk Concerts.

(Continued from Preceding Page)

sured the others that it was the law that a child must not starve.

Of course the superior conquerors were above the law but not those of their own people who still remained. They appealed to men and women, with strained haunted faces, hurrying along the street. These merely muttered a hasty refusal and hurried on.

Small wonder. Even those who had been children of the rich, by this time looked no better than the filthiest street gamin, fatherless child of the Bohemian set, before the occupation. Men and women who were at their wits' ends to feed their own flesh and blood could not bother with these squads of dreadful little mendicants.

They should appeal to the police, some were told, and it seemed right because the police were the law. But the police had no appropriation for several thousand starving children. The police appealed to their German superiors who ordered the waifs sent to institutions.

THIS was no answer because most of the institutions had been preempted for barracks or for storage of munitions and loot. The few that remained were overcrowded to the last extreme and running out of food funds. Everything was going to Germany as fast as trains could carry it, especially food.

For the first time the children fully realized their plight. The old, kind world had crashed and there was no place for them in the new, cruel one. Plundering the cars of food, money and trinkets and going to Paris had only put off the evil day. The numerous little leaders who had been so bold in telling them what to do were now as helpless as the rest, just cry-babies crying for their mothers. Gladly at that moment would any of them have gone back to their own or any home, but these were gone.

In a cold, driving rainstorm a number of the little vagrants happened to be collected in front of an abandoned Montmartre cafe. One of them managed to pry off a shutter and all crowded in after him. There they spent the night, wet, cold, hungry and hopeless, sobbing and many praying incoherently for someone to come and save them.

In the morning came bright sun and a strange deliverer.

As the tattered young tramps, many of them faint from hunger, tumbled out of the cafe window, they saw a woman of about 50, looking at them, also a girl of 16, but they scarcely noticed the woman. The girl, blond, curly-haired and rather pretty, wore an expensive blue dress, immaculate white gloves and the unmistakable air of an aristocrat. The gloves and the air impressed them. They meant wealth, money, the thing they must have soon or die.

"Money! Money!" they cried. "We are starving. Give us money for food."

THE children milled around the woman and the child but neither replied, nor placed anything in the outstretched hands. The girl in the white gloves showed neither disdain nor sympathy. She was as aloof and cold as a statue, except that her eyes wandered over the crowd as if counting until no more came out of the window. Then a white hand was held out, in a gesture commanding silence and she spoke:

"Is that all there are of you?"

"All there are here, but there are hundreds and hundreds more of us in other places," they cried.

A white glove pointed to six of the older children, then the stranger spoke again:

"You six go with Mam'selle to bring back the food she will buy for you."

The selected six obeyed but all the others started to follow. Again the white glove went up, like that of a traffic officer.

"Stop! If any of the others go, there will be no food for anyone."

"Why?" They chorused the eternal question of frustrated children in all ages and places.

"Because I say so," came the calm answer.

Design for Luxury—a Warm Corner of a Paris Cellar and a Slice of Stale Bread.

"I have come to take charge of you and if you obey me without asking why I will see that you all eat well, lack nothing and have a lot of fun. But if any of you disobeys or asks why, too often, I will dismiss him or her from our band. We will go—all but the six—back into that place you just came from. My name is Madelaine."

This much was reported by a witness from a nearby window. What she told them inside of that old cafe, no grown-up knows because no child will tell. It is clear, however, that Madelaine had some money, enough to feed a multitude of kids until she could organize them to be more than self-supporting.

THE main purpose and perhaps the only one she had at first was to send them back to plunder systematically, not so much the roads they had already covered but the Paris-Orleans road, both sides of which were an immense dumpheap of cars with all sorts of contents. It was a mine of treasure which Madelaine's gang and, of course, many adults, worked for months before it was exhausted. The older and stronger boys and girls did the work of searchers and porters, while the younger ones acted as salesmen.

When the last saleable treasure had been gleaned from the Paris-Orleans road, the business kept right on. There was an epidemic of child pickpockets and sneak thieves which overwhelmed the police. The quick-fingered urchins snatched anything—American cigarettes from travelers, handbags, narcotics from older peddlers they might have shadowed for days, although these latter thefts were never reported. The police arrested them by the hundreds only to find that the problem of feeding and confining them far beyond their capacity, with every cell and prison space crowded with political prisoners, turned over to them by the Germans. About all the French authorities could do to the young thieves was keep them sitting in a police station for 24 hours and discharge them with a solemn warning, at which the culprits laughed heartily.

Today they eliminate the exit-speech but confiscate the soap, cigarettes or chocolate found on them, and that punishment really hurts.

The volume of complaints which the police passed up to their German superiors became too great to be ignored. Strangely enough, the Germans reported no losses but they promised to see what was to be done. Something apparently was done behind the scenes, because the petty larceny soon dropped to a level that was at least endurable and forgotten in a sea of other woes. Still the juvenile peddling went on and with an ever-widening variety of goods.

The natural thing had happened. Madelaine had made an alliance with the old criminal underworld of Paris which furnished her baby bootleggers with narcotics. Apaches no longer like to handle this line because, when caught, they are made to work 12 hours a day repairing the destruction wrought by English bombers on the Channel ports and airfields. But children can sell the stuff safely because though not above the law, they are below it, which is just as good.

The legitimate goods, no longer to be had in the stores, could not have been stolen by the children, because they are too scarce outside of German hands. Such articles could come only from the great warehouses where they are awaiting transportation to Germany.

IRRESPONSIBLE power has always bred graft and the totalitarian regimes of Germany and Russia have been no exceptions. This goes a long way toward explaining the otherwise miraculous Madelaine. It is significant that the children will get for you almost any of the legitimate medicines but not quinine of which there happens to be a dire famine in the Reich. It is so desperate that quinine has evidently been marked tabu for the grafters.

Madelaine, with her white gloves, and the elderly woman, known to have been her nurse, are as conspicuous in Montmartre as an ocean liner in the Channel and have been picked up for questioning many a time. Always they are released because the police get nothing out of the two except the same barren story. Both say they were bombed out of Madelaine's house somewhere in France which so shell-shocked them that they don't know their own real names or anything that went before.

This same convenient amnesia descends on them at intervals, blotting out memory of anything since that the police would like to know. Nobody believes this yarn but what can be done about it? At least nothing is done to Madelaine who leads a charmed life.

The child seems to have no such forgetfulness in her business of gang-dictator. Every bit of loot is laid before her. She orders each article taken from storage and distributed among her "sales staff" and herself names the price to be asked, varying it from day to day according to the law of supply and demand, though she ignores the laws of God and man. Every franc the peddlers receive is turned over to Madelaine who finances the gang. It is a big business for which a big business man would have bookkeepers and files of records. Madelaine carries it all in her head.

Best of the Rackets Are Peddling Cocaine Stolen From Older Peddlers, and Charging Incredible Prices for American Cigarettes Snatched From the Pockets of Travelers.

AND who is this incredible child-fuehrer, with the power of life and death over her followers, because dismissal from the gang means death by starvation? Madelaine "aux gants blancs," White Glove Madelaine, is unquestionably to the manner born, child of wealthy aristocrats, quite likely nobility. It is unmistakable in her walk, her every move, her voice. She speaks French worthy of the best traditions of the Theatre Fran-

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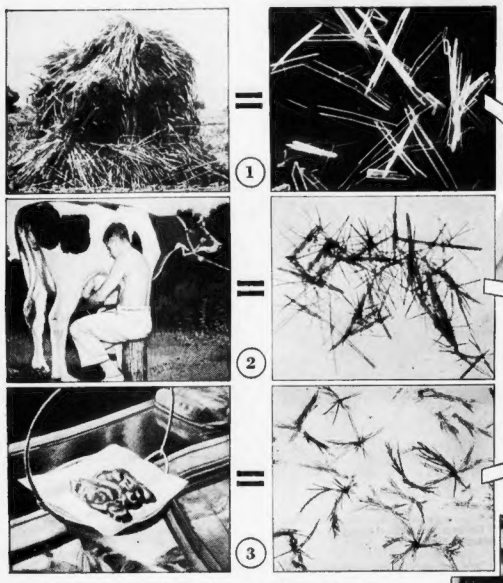
Putting Grandma's Vitamins Back Into the "Staff of Life"

Our Modern Appetites Made the Mistake of Demanding Refinements in Bread and We "Lost" Some of Those "Good Things" That Made Our Ancestors More Healthy—But Now Science Is Rapidly Restoring Them Without Lessening Any of the "Taste Appeal"



Three Types of Vitamins Which Are Being Used to Enrich Refined Wheat Flour and Give Us Better Bread. (1) Shows Crystals of Thiamin Hydrochloride Which Are Equivalent to Vitamin B1 That Occurs in Whole Wheat. (2) Crystalline Riboflavin, Identical in Its Properties to Vitamin B2, Usually Obtained From Dairy Products. (3) Synthetic Crystals of Nicotinic Acid, Normally Found in Liver. (Merck Photos.)

A Good Old-Fashioned Loaf of Grandma's Bread Contained a Lot of Vitamins and Minerals That Are "Lost" in Some Present-Day Breads Made From Highly Refined White Flour. Besides the Three Vitamins Millers Soon Will Add Calcium, Phosphorous, Iron and Panothenic Acid to Flour to Bring Better Health to Everyone Who Eats Bread.

By ROBERT D. POTTER,
Science Editor, The American Weekly.

REMEMBER Grandma's homemade bread, her rolls and the hot biscuits?

How good they tasted and smelled as they came from the big wood-fired oven in the kitchen on Saturday, the baking day of the week?

Probably the recollections of the extra special taste and smell of bread and biscuits in Grandma's time are only the hangover of childhood memories in the days when our tastes were keener and our zest for food was greater, but in one vital fact doctors will back up any argument over the merits of old-fashioned versus modern bread.

They all agree that Grandma's bread was better for everyone because it contained lots more vitamins; vitamins removed from modern white flour in the process of refining.

But a revolution is about to occur in modern bread. Helped by the magic of modern chemistry that can create vitamins Grandma never heard of, the flour millers of the nation are fortifying their refined white flour with more and more health-giving vitamins and minerals.

Without extra price, because the flour millers are planning to absorb the small extra cost, everyone will soon be able to buy or bake bread made from "enriched" wheat flour that will add a daily dose of vitamin B1, nicotinic acid and iron to the diet.

The vitamin B1, now made synthetically in chemical factories and called thiamin chloride, will help promote your feelings of general good health, and your appetite, prevent sluggishness, moodiness, fears and mental and physical fatigue.

These are only a few of the present-day American symptoms which result from lack of vitamin B1. The B1 vitamin, of course, was first discovered as the specific cure for the unpleasant Oriental disease, beriberi, but few doctors and no laymen would know a case of beri-beri if they met one on the street because the disease is so rare in the United States. However, a host of lackadaisical conditions are now found to be due to a low intake of vitamin B1. The new kind of flour will help make us a more energetic nation, for vitamin B1 is the "pep" vitamin.

The nicotinic acid, to be added to the flour, will help the southeastern United States with its specific regional trouble over pellagra. And in the rest of the nation nicotinic acid will help overcome a variety of obscure bodily troubles traced to a lack of this food element.

The purpose of adding iron in the new flour, as everyone probably knows, is to help overcome and ward off anemia.

Moreover, there is probably going to be a kind of super-enriched white flour available which will contain also vitamin B2, known as riboflavin, vitamin D and the minerals calcium and phosphorus.

The riboflavin will help prevent cases of photophobia—extreme sensitivity to light—and dim vision, and more obscure symptoms related to the nervous system.

The vitamin D will help prevent rickets, while the calcium and phosphorus aid in the growth of bones and teeth.

Gradually, as it seems desirable, it is probable that the whole "complex" of the B vitamins may be added. Five of these have now been synthesized and are daily becoming cheaper and cheaper. The price of thiamin, has fallen from $700 a grain, one-437th of an ounce, to 82 cents a gram, one-28th of an ounce. Said another way vitamin B1 used to cost 13,240 times as much as it does today.

In addition there are believed to be some six or seven other factors in the B vitamin complex which should be in the diet to prevent certain symptoms of illness. Unlike thiamin, riboflavin, nicotinic acid, pantothenic acid and adermin which can now be made in commercial quantities, the still unknown elements of the vitamin B complex are very rare and recognized mostly by their experimental effect on laboratory rats.

More and more it is being realized that most people in the nation, no matter how wealthy they may be, are suffering from starvation. Not starvation from lack of calories but rather a vitamin starvation, which is no respecter of wealth as is hunger. It is this kind of starvation which the new enriched vitamin bread will help to correct.

If you want to get in on a nice little bet, wager that within another year or two the idea of enriching commonplace food will be extended in other directions. A good hunch is that butter some day will have its vitamin A content fortified and increased. White sugar, too, could be enriched with vitamin B1.

And so it probably will be some day with other foods.

What health experts and government nutritionists like about the new program of pepping up the vitamin content of ordinary bread is that—for the first time—they see a way to get the benefits of better health through vitamins down among the poorer people who need it most.

It works out that the cost of producing the vitamins which will go into the new "enriched" bread is only one-tenth of a cent a loaf. Even this production cost may be cut further as the demand for vitamins in bread becomes greater. For flour used for relief families the Federal Government may itself absorb the tiny extra cost.

It can now be said that the vitamins have grown up.

When they were "born" a few years ago in biological laboratories, they were extreme rarities worth more than their weight in gold. Remember how much you had to pay for vitamin concentrates only a few years back.

In their "youth" the vitamin preparations were taken up by the wealthy and moderately well-off people. Only the upper income groups could afford to buy the flood of vitamin preparations that still cover drug-store counters.

And now in "adult" life the vitamins are working their way, at low cost, into the common foods of man.

Thus the picture of the future becomes clearer. Vitamins will still be sold in drug-stores just as they are now, but their sale will be limited pretty much to consumption on the advice of a physician. The drug-store pills and capsules will be used to correct extreme vitamin deficiencies, to relieve quickly from an illness.

To maintain proper normal health and to prevent that "tired feeling" or "just under par" attitude, the enriched vitamin content of our foods will be used.

Little realized is the immense amount of work which has been necessary before the Federal authorities of the Pure Food and Drug Administration would permit the addition of vitamins to foods.

The Federal guardians of the nation's food supply are all wrapped around with laws which provide severe penalties for "adulteration" of foods. These laws define adulteration as the addition of anything to the food.

If all of us had been content with the foods of our forefathers the new enrichment of bread would not be needed. It is no fault of the flour makers that today's white flour lacks the vitamins. The millers simply met a demand for whiter and finer flour by improving their refining methods. Neither they, nor anyone else, realized that vital content of the wheat grains was being destroyed.

The trouble was that after the nation's likes for white bread had been built up, the public was little interested in going back to cruder flour.

For years everyone has heard the doctrine of "eat whole wheat flour" preached again and again. This educational program in diet was sound and won the support of some people. But most of us didn't, or wouldn't, go back to eating whole wheat flour.

The millers did not care what kind of flour they ground. In fact it is cheaper to grind whole wheat flour than white flour. But the public would have little to do with whole wheat bread. It is estimated that only about 2 per cent of the wheat flour sold today is of the whole wheat variety.

The decline in the vitamin content of refined white flour has been going on in America for the last 67 years. It was back in 1874 that the first roller mill for milling wheat was introduced. And with this invention the vitamin content has steadily declined.

Modern patent flour as you buy it, before it is enriched, contains only a little over 5 per cent of the original vitamin B1 content in the grains of wheat. Now synthetic vitamin B1 is going to be put back to balance it.

Eating vitamins through natural foods is probably the cheapest way to get needed vitamins. If you have the money you can buy vitamins in drug-stores, it is true, but they cost considerable money and are so concentrated that in many cases, doctors believe, one is wasting the vitamin.

A pill may give you more of a vitamin than you may need and the body gives off the excess and you are throwing your money away. Drug-store vitamins, say the physicians, ought to be kept in the realm of medicine and not used for mere food. They advise trying the grocery store for the purpose as a general rule.

Another reason for getting vitamins out of the food in the grocery store and not from the drug-store is that these natural foods probably contain other, obscure vitamin factors which are present but not yet known.

Every day, it sometimes seems, a new vitamin is discovered. As a matter of fact the scientists are just about to run out of letters in the alphabet with which to designate them. If man takes his known vitamins from common foods, meats and vegetables he is bound to get, also, the extra unknown vitamin factors.

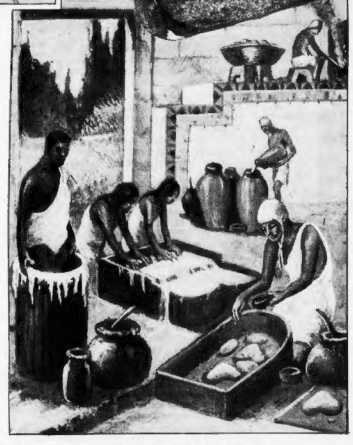
Some day perhaps there is going to be a new rule in grading the price of the farmers' produce. It will be rated on its appearance, its energy value and scarcity and demand—as it now is—but it will also be rated on its vitamin content.

Moreover plant breeders and plant geneticists are going to tackle the problem of how to create new varieties of vegetables with still higher vitamin contents.

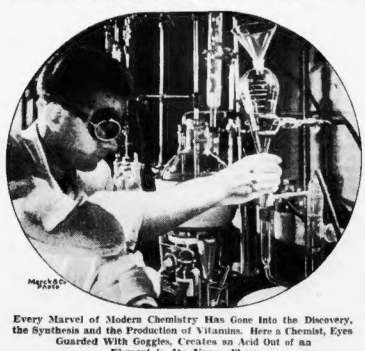
Maybe the reader has already spotted a possible hazard in the enrichment of natural foods with synthetic vitamins. One enterprising company may some day try to enrich its food product with all the vitamins and try to approach that fantastic story book ideal of a single pill that would supply all the food anyone would need for a day.

If this is tried there is going to be a howl from the scientists for they are the first to realize that while they know much about nutrition they have only begun to tap the surface of knowledge about our diets. For a long time man will have to eat his present wide variety of foods to get all his vitamins.

Moreover the consumer is going to have something to say about it. You can take a pill if you want to, but I'll have a steak with French fried potatoes, bread and butter, a green salad and coffee with cream and sugar.



Back in the Days of the Old Egyptians There Was No Worry About the Vitamins. Bakers Just Ground Up Whole Wheat and Made Bread. How They Did It Is Something Else, for This Old Print Shows a Baker Kneading the Dough With His Feet While Helpers Sprinkle Poppy Seed on the Finished Loaves.



Every Marvel of Modern Chemistry Has Gone Into the Discovery, the Synthesis and the Production of Vitamins. Here a Chemist, Eyes Guarded With Goggles, Creates an Acid Out of an Element in Its Vapor Phase.

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Northern Half of the Great Mystery "City Above the Clouds" Known as Phuyu Pata Marka, Which the Wenner-Gren Expedition Has Just Discovered Atop the Peruvian Andes, Two and a Half Miles Up.

Uncovering the Hidden "Mother City" of the Incas

An Expedition Has at Last Found the Golden Metropolis 12,000 Feet in the Peruvian Andes Where the Worshipers of the Sun Fled, Maybe With Vast Treasure, to Escape the Plundering Spanish Conquistadors Who Couldn't Find the Secret Steps That Led to the Unsuspected Stronghold

Old Drawing of Incan Sun Worship, Made at the Time of the Spanish Conquest of Peru. At the Opening of the Sun Feast Everyone Gathered Around the Huge Golden Bowl and Had "Free Drinks," Probably of the Potent Incan Beer.

HIGH on the cloud-tipped peaks of the Andes scientists have just discovered what they are convinced was the secret and long-forgotten stronghold of the Incas: the mountain-top cities of Phuyu Pata Marka (The City Above the Clouds) and Sayaq Marka (The Inaccessible City).

Towering forts of massive stone, impregnable ramparts of solid rock that hug the crests of sheer granite cliffs 1,000 feet tall, great sacrificial stones, hundreds of huge steps often chiseled out of bedrock, complete water and drainage systems, a 70-foot long tunnel through stone — perhaps even the fabulous golden treasure of the Incas; these are but a few of the wonders of these long-lost cities of this American Tibet. Here, indeed, was the site of the nebulous, legendary "Mother City" of the Incas — famed Tampu Tocco.

The City Above the Clouds and the Inaccessible City, with their gigantic stone ruins clinging to the face of sheer cliffs, rival in scope and importance the better known Aztec and Mayan cities of Central America, according to Dr. Paul Fejos, Hungarian-American scientist who is the leader of the expedition which has disclosed their primitive splendor.

Three Windows — No More, No Less — Are a Curious Feature of the Houses at Newly-Discovered Phuyu Pata Marka. According to Legend Three Windows Would Be the Mark of the Famed Mother City of the Incas, Known as Tampu Tocco.

The discovery party is known as the Wenner-Gren Expedition to Hispanic America, sponsored by the Viking Foundation for Scientific Research. Information collected on the ethnological aspects of the culture of the South American Indians will be turned over to the Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation, New York City.

On the two most important occasions in Inca history it is believed that the twin cities of Phuyu Pata Marka and Sayaq Marka saved those people. Together with the city of Macchu Picchu, discovered by Dr. Hiram Bingham and the Yale University-National Geographic Expedition in 1911, the cities form a secret, forbidding mountain-top metropolitan area to which the Incas fled when Pizarro and his Spanish plunderers came to Peru in 1529.

Certain it is that the last of the Incas, Manco, fled into the mountains with most of the silver and golden treasure and that the Spaniards never caught up with him, nor with the fabulous band of Sun Maidens of the Sun-worshiping Inca religious cult either. Now it seems certain that this harassed band fled to the secret mountain cities.

In this flight the Incas of Pizarro's time were only duplicating, anew, their Incan history of a thousand years before. Then, say the legends, the Incas likewise had to move into the mountains. The coastal tribes menaced them and—worst of all—a great race of giants almost overpowered them. These legendary giants were probably real people and no myth. Most probably they were marauding tribes of giant Patagonians.

For whatever cause the Incas, in those ancient times, found it necessary to retreat to the land of the condors atop the peaks of the Andes. Weak in numbers at that time, they found the narrow and steep trails could stand off large opposing armies.

To assist Nature they became the great engineers of their day and age and reached, perhaps, the apex of defensive warfare in the Western Hemisphere. Their ramparts, barring every twist and turn in steep mountain trails, were the Maginot line of their times. Moreover, they served their purpose which the French Maginot line did not.

High in the mountain terrain the Incas found safety—but a hard and torturous existence. In a land so high there was little oxygen in the air and where clouds and fogs covered the peaks for more than half the entire year, it is only natural that these ancestors of the Incas should become a cult of Sun worshipers. To them it was the glowing Sun which brought warmth to their chilled bones and enabled them to raise their carefully tended crops that they planted in terraces.

Their supreme ruler—the Sapa Inca—became the earthly descendant of the Sun.

In their mountains they found gold, silver, tin and other mineral wealth which, in the end, proved their undoing for it was for gold that Pizarro came and plundered.

Gold to the Incas meant nothing as money but they valued it highly for its yellow color was the color of their revered Sun. Most of the fabulous treasure which the Spaniards took out of Peru were plaques of gold dedicated to their Sun God.

Because the Incas had no written language (the Spaniards found them counting and recording history by a system of intricate knots in string) the details of this great American race are dim. But every legend of the race tells of the peril and the hardships suffered in their mountain-top domain.

For centuries the Incas stuck to their impregnable mountain stronghold. There they displayed fabulous engineering skill which moved huge stones up to 15 tons in weight. They created a vast network of stone highways for their beasts of burden, the llamas and for native porters.

About a century before Columbus discovered America the cult of the Sun worship took on a religious zeal. The Incas decided their neighboring tribes should share their religion and that led to wars and to conquests until they were the rulers of nearly all land to the north and west of the Andes.

At one point Inca legend is exact, however. The days of the conquests came in the days of the Three Brothers, when they came out of their mountain retreat at Tampu Tocco (House of Caves, or House of Windows).

To the scientific world the new discovery of Phuyu Pata Marka and Sayaq Marka will bring a major controversy over whether these Inca towns or Dr. Bingham's city of Macchu Picchu is the more probable site of the legendary Inca city of Tampu Tocco from which the brothers started their conquests.

Many an argument can start over a word and so it is with this controversy. Pretty much of everything hinges on the meaning of the Inca word Tocco. The trouble is that Tocco is used with two meanings: window and cave.

Dr. Bingham, back in 1911 at Macchu Picchu, found a house which had three windows — no more and no less. Here, said Dr. Bingham in effect, are the symbols of the word Tocco — window. Perhaps these are the three symbols of the three Inca brothers.

All this led the distinguished Yale scientist to regard Macchu Picchu as the "home town" of the Incas especially since Macchu Picchu was very hard to get at and was not known to the Spaniards.

Because Dr. Bingham found windows, but no caves, it is natural to suppose that he liked the meaning of window for the word Tocco.

But Dr. Fejos, in his newest discoveries of these still more remote cities, can do better than that. He has not only found the characteristic three windows but he has found three caves which appear to have been used for ceremonial purposes and which are largely man-made.

Moreover Dr. Fejos cites the Peruvian expert Prof. J. M. B. Farfan of the University of San Marcos at Lima as saying that the Inca word Tocco is much more often used to mean caves than it is for windows.

And finally, since the Inca legends say Tampu Tocco was far up in the mountains and most remote, the Wenner-Gren expedition of Dr. Fejos can point to their cities and show that they are even more inaccessible than is Dr. Bingham's Macchu Picchu.

To get to the mountain ridge where Phuyu Pata Marka is located it is necessary to climb steep trails and hundreds of steps cut in nearly vertical cliffs. On a neighboring ridge is the nearby town of Sayaq Marka.

Connecting these two towns is a mountain top road which, at one point, goes through a tunnel 70 feet long. Dr. Fejos says: "The sides, bottom and top of the tunnel are of solid granite ...and this part of the tunnel may be largely of natural origin as the tremendous ledge of granite, which forms the outer wall, has slipped part way down the cliff along a joint plane and moved out from the bottom. Here the floor is about 7 feet wide...The natural opening narrows to the west end and this part...apparently has been enlarged by artificial means. Drill holes were observed along the roof and walls of this section."

Two small lakes 300 feet above Phuyu Pata Marka supplied the city's water, carried by aqueducts to the great central square.

A separate spring fed five great baths which may at one time have been used by the Inca royalty or by the Sun priestesses. These baths are arranged in line, one above the other, up a gentle slope. The water was used in one bath after the other as it flowed down the slope. Who rated the first bath, and who the last, will ever remain a mystery.

But the greatest mystery of all at Phuyu Pata Marka are the three great caves already referred to. High in the northwest part of the city these great openings — apparently never used permanently as human dwellings — are built under two large rocks.

The ingenious Incas dug beneath these great rocks and created rooms which they walled up at the back and at the sides. The very wide front was left opened to the weather when it might easily have been closed; a circumstance which points to the use of the caves for ceremonial purposes and not for shelter.

Moreover, at the back of each cave is a great stone altar for Sun worship, or for sacrifice.

Dr. Fejos suggests — for no one can be certain — that here are three caves of the legendary Inca brothers and that here, at last, is the famed city of Tampu Tocco, sought so long by scientists.

The main highway which bisects the grand plaza of Phuyu Pata Marka is well paved and, at the slightest toilsome incline turns in great flights of easy stairs. At one spot in the road in the plaza a great boulder juts out from the bedrock. Here the Incas carved out a depression which just fits a human body. Was this merely a convenient resting point? No one can know. Perhaps it was a sacrificial stone.

It was here perhaps that the great ceremony of the Sun God — as shown on this page — was carried out.

Quite possibly Inca cemeteries will be discovered as they have been found at Macchu Picchu. Perhaps in these newly-discovered cities, too, will be found the bodies of the revered Sun priestesses, for their half-mummified remains have been found at Macchu Picchu.

These priestesses were the Vestal Virgins of the Incas, charged with keeping alight the sacred fire. Once each year, with eleborate ceremonies they rekindled it with sunlight, focused with a golden spherical mirror.

The holy dwelling, or convent, of the Sun priestesses was discovered by Pizarro when he sacked Cuzco, but most of the priestesses fled safely. Where? Probably to Phuyu Pata Marka and Macchu Picchu. At any event, no Incas, despite Spanish torture, would ever tell where they went.

The Peruvian government is greatly interested in the new-found Wenner-Gren Ruins and it is hoped the entire mountain-top metropolitan area can be turned into a great National Archeological Park connected with the coast by good motor highways.

Mystery Symbols Found at Phuyu Pata Marka Are Curious Ringstones Drilled Through Solid Rock by Unknown Means. What Were They For? Some Scientists Suggest They Were Points Where the Totem Animal of the Incan Peoples — the Dreaded Puma, or Mountain Lion — Could Be Tied as Guards.

So Steep Are the Mountain Tops at Phuyu Pata Marka That Hundreds of Stone Steps Are Needed to Get From One Level to Another. These Steps Added to the Impregnable Defense of the City Which the Spanish Plunderers Never Found.

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When a Girl's in Love

by Helen Topping Miller

"HAYNES is in love with you and he is a charming person and this is a delightful place," said Vicki Mallard to her attractive daughter Rosemary Mallard, in the Virginia home of Haynes Hillis.

Rosemary laughed. Her divorced and pleasure-seeking mother had previously urged her to marry Haynes, but she had refused on the plea that she only liked him. Now, she had just arrived at his house under dramatic circumstances from the Florida home of her father, Emory, with whom she lived, with the startling news that Emory was going to marry Lorna Patrick, a gifted widow, with a grown son, David.

Emory's decision had been a shock to Rosemary who adored him. It came shortly after she had hurried back to Florida following a month's visit with Vicki, refusing Haynes' plea to stay over for a house-party in Virginia. She was eager to help Jeff Lane sail his boat, the Daisy, in the races. Meeting her in Savannah, Emory told her he had rented the cottage on their place to the Patricks. He asked her then, why she didn't marry Jeff, who helped him run a small fruit business, but she insisted that Jeff regarded her only as a friend.

On reaching home, she discovered Emory was in love with Lorna and she was hurt by Jeff's coolness. After he had picked David, instead of her, to help sail the Daisy, she tried to conceal her disappointment, but that night she said aloud to her mirror: "I had two men and I've lost them both. There must be something wrong with me."

After the race David told her he'd fallen in love with her, but she gave him no hope. When he left she rushed to Jeff's little house and he put his arms about her. "I'm sorry," she said, breaking away in confusion. "You've been very precious to me," he said. "If you knew what it was costing me to stand here—not daring to say things to you—with no right—" When she had gone he resolved to go away to try to forget his present—and his past.

Shortly after this Emory told Rosemary he was going to marry Lorna. With a heavy heart she wished him happiness, but declared she would move. Then Jeff called on Emory to say he was quitting. Pressed for a reason, he admitted he loved Rosemary, but could never tell her. Rosemary, overhearing him, insisted on knowing why. "I can't marry you," he said, "I have a wife already." And then Rosemary learned that years ago he had married a rich, older woman who hoped he would come back to her and who refused to divorce him.

"You needn't quit on my account," she said. In spite of protests from her father, David and Lorna, she insisted on going to her mother in Washington, suffering poignantly, realizing that Jeff loved her and she loved him. Vicki was visiting at Haynes' Virginia place, when Rosemary reached Vicki's Washington apartment. She phoned her surprised mother and Haynes came in and drove her out. It was after hearing the news about Emory that Vicki renewed her plea that Rosemary marry Haynes. But she put her mother off and adopted a gay attitude, though her heart ached for Jeff.

The evening before she went back to Washington, Haynes again begged her to marry him. "I would be cheating," she told him. "I'm in love with someone else." Haynes reported to Vicki. "It's no use," he said, "your child can't see me at all."

Vicki, who had asked a middle-aged friend, Miles Crawford, some time before, to find out all he could about Jeff, rejoiced when Miles told her that Jeff's wealthy wife was in Washington. He took Rosemary and Vicki to dance at a place he chose, because he knew who was going to be there. After Rosemary had danced with him, her mother beckoned to her. "Look carefully at that woman in the black gown," she said, "she is someone you ought to know—she is Mrs. Geoffrey Lane."

(And Now Go On With the Story)

XVIII

VICKI looked up from her breakfast tray, waved a narrow slip of green paper.

"Well, at last," she said, "your father has awakened to the fact that he has a child who needs to eat and be clothed."

Always there was a moment in the morning, when the tray came in, when Rosemary shut her eyes tight and clenched her hands with the straining fervor of a prayer. Please, please God, let there be a letter. Just a line or two, just a few words on a bit of paper—even a postal—and this morning a letter had come.

"What does he say?" she asked eagerly.

"Practically nothing. His usual stiff note. All well and hope you are the same. You can read it if you like."

Rosemary did read it many times, searching the brief lines for some words that would span the chilly distances between them, give her the feel of his dear head on hers again, bring back the teasing cadences of his voice. But there was no word. He did not mention Jeff. There was nothing about Lorna. He enclosed a thousand dollars which he hoped would be adequate for Rosemary's needs, he hoped they were enjoying themselves, and he was as ever, Emory Mallard.

So he was still angry, still nursing his resentment because she had not loved his Lorna. And she was too dull now to care so much. Life was beginning to resolve itself into a deadening sort of monotony. The days went by like so many smoky freight cars lurching over a switch. Only one thing stood out starkly in her mind—only one idea possessed her now—Mrs. Geoffrey Lane.

Somehow she must see that tall, dark-haired woman with the still secret face, hear her voice, talk with her—the idea grew and grew and a hundred fantastic plans formed themselves in her mind when she could not sleep at night.

The days were all carefully managed by Vicki.

"You must know some people," she insisted, and proceeded to collect some.

There were luncheons that Rosemary attended dutifully, with a little knot of lilies of the valley or a rosebud pinned to her Spring furs. Haynes sent the flowers. She grew so weary of seeing the green boxes coming in every morning that she felt like screaming.

The young things at the luncheons were all so amazingly alike, so cut to one pattern of smartness and sophistication that Rosemary could never remember their names. They all had wise, bright eyes, carefully shadowed, flaming lips, a make-up that gave them a disconcertingly Oriental look, and no rouge at all.

They wore black pokes on the backs of their heads or little hats with chin straps, their pale curls brushed high. They were alike as so many wax figures. They said "Definitely." Or "How devastating!" Their voices had little bird-like lifts. They were not out yet and spent most of their time criticizing the past season's debutantes with young, brutal frankness.

"My dear, if I had been out for months I'd not be dragging around with a weird-looking man who has to be fished out of a fountain at every party!"

"Look at the money she spent and now—a bag, absolutely! And what did it get her? A burned-out creature any woman could have had—but nobody would have him till she came along all excited about being a debbie with a ton of money."

"I'm not going to have one of those foul dances when I come out. I'm so sick of stags being swept out from under the furniture and people one never heard of crashing in."

THE young things were thrilled because Rosemary's father was marrying Lorna.

"How absolutely devastating! You lucky person. I lie awake all night reading that deliciously thrilling stuff she writes, and mother goes simply wild. I have to hide the things under the mattress."

"When I think of that creature my father married——"

"Wait till your mother marries a count! Then you'll know how sickening life can be. He makes sly passes at me with one hand and digs money out of mother with the other."

And then it would be afternoon and unless there was a matinee or a fitting, an afternoon could drag itself out to the fine point of torture. Until the papers came. And then Rosemary would search the social columns for notices of the appearances here and there of Mrs. Geoffrey Lane of Long Island and Palm Beach.

Mrs. Lane was being entertained by important people.

"The Greenlee money," Vicki said, "Jeff Lane must have been an imbecile to throw away the splendid chances he had."

"He didn't love her, mother. And love is so important."

"So is getting on important—having influence, a place in the world, though I could never make your father see that. He seems to have inoculated this Lane man with his weird philosophies. Rosemary, if you are still feeling romantic nonsense about this Jeff person, I do implore you—"

"I'm not, mother. I'm not feeling anything at all. But you can't change your heart merely because it's the wise thing to do."

"I don't think your heart is terribly involved, darling. These girlish fancies have a very pleasant way of passing and leaving no scars."

"This isn't a fancy—it's my life. But now I have to keep on living and I haven't a thing to do—nothing that is any use to any one. I wasn't even born decorative—I haven't any glamour."

"Glamour isn't a legacy—it's acquired. If you'd try to be a little more subtle, dear child, and not look people in the face and tell them exactly what you think! I think perhaps I'll take passages on the Santa Alicia later this month. We'll go through the canal. That will give you time to make up your mind about Haynes."

"I have made up my mind, definitely."

"I'm not accepting an impulsive decision, Rosemary, and I'm quite sure Haynes is not. When you've had more time to think—"

"Time to think!" Rosemary's heart wailed again. "What else is there except time to think?"

The blue, blue water and the herons standing knee deep in the shallows. Tall trees gilded over with brassy light, and white sails going like moths against the opal-colored water. Jeff—he could have written a note at least—no, he could not have written any more than she, who dared not put her pen to paper knowing that her heart would go pouring out and that no pride could hold it, no shame or no fear.

She did write a letter to her father, thanking him for the check, writing it and tearing it up a dozen times because somehow it would not sound informal and near, when she wanted so much not to be remote, but casual and gay.

His answer came very promptly.

"I detect a vague under-current in your epistle that indicates that you may still like me. Hadn't you better forgive us all and come back? I need a chaperon, for Lorna is being cagey and won't marry me for a while and David is leaving. So nothing to do but for Lorna to move to a hotel. And Georgie's conversation is confined to disdainful mutters, this house is about as empty as a bass drum. Kehoe clipped all the dogs when my back was turned and anointed them with some fearful stuff that smells to Heaven. If you relent we will meet any plane with red roses pinned all over us."

"David, I Won't Listen! Don't Say Any More. If You Really Did Love Me, You Wouldn't Say Things to Hurt Me," Said Rosemary.

But not a word of Jeff.

Rosemary kept the letter a day before she showed it to Vicki.

"His Lorna must have looked him up in Bradstreet's." Vicki was cynical. "When I think of all the money Emory could have made, I feel like shaking him."

"Money wouldn't matter to her—she makes such a lot herself."

"You aren't thinking of going back, Rosemary?"

"No, I shall not go back."

And then when life was growing unbearably dull, David Patrick came.

"David! I'm so glad—I had no idea you were coming here. Where are you off to now—Bali or Peru?"

DAVID looked changed and older in dark clothes. Though his blond hair was brushed back in a conventional way, his eyes were the same clear, cool color—like the sea in summer.

"I was a little dubious about coming," he said. "I didn't know whether you'd want to see me or not."

"How perfectly absurd! Sit down—and tell me about home."

"Everything goes on about as usual. Jeff is still around though he has less to say than usual, if that's possible. Mother moved to a hotel—with some relief, I suspect, for she was never very keen about housekeeping."

"And the Sergeant?" Rosemary tried to be casual and was not very successful at it.

"He's fine—but lonely I think. Rosemary, why did you leave him? Was it because of mother—because if that was your reason—"

"No, not entirely because of your mother, David—though I knew they would be happier with me away. Have they made any plans?"

"I was coming to that. I wanted to talk to you before you left but you gave me no chance, you may remember. I wanted to talk to you about mother. She's a most unpredictable person. She has been engaged to marry at least three men that I know of, since my father died."

Rosemary felt a quick, prickling anger. If Lorna was merely amusing herself, if she disappointed the Sergeant, hurt his heart and his pride—

She said, stiffly, "If she does a thing like that to him I shall hate her forever! Even if she is your mother, David. I'm sorry, but that's the way I feel."

David got up and walked to the window and then came back, his face sober.

"Very likely you won't want to hear this, but I didn't come to Washington to talk about our elders. I came to see you. I'm still in love with you, Rosemary." She stood up, her hands on the back of her chair, gripping it tautly.

"David don't say it! It hurts me—I can't listen—I can't!"

He came to her quickly, put his hands on her shoulders.

"Don't say it, don't make it final, Rosemary. I can wait—I will wait—forever. But I want you to know that I do care—that I do love you—"

She put his hands down gently.

"Thank you, David. I'm afraid I'm not worth loving. I haven't anything left to give. Not to any one. If I had—I think I should be glad if it could be you."

His eyes looked hungry and a little desolate.

He said, "It's Jeff isn't it, Rosemary? And Jeff has a wife."

"Yes, it's Jeff. And there's nothing to do about it—nothing at all. And now you know the scandalous story of poor Rosemary Mallard."

He turned her chair around. "Sit down, Rosemary."

She obeyed him without quite knowing why. There was a rigid look on his face and he did not meet her eyes. Probably he was going to argue with her about propinquity, sailing boats with Jeff, seeing no one else, as Haynes had done.

But if David felt the need for the relief of argument, she had to listen. She had ached so much in deep, secret places that she felt very gentle toward young men in love. There was nothing of the huntress in her, and she could never collect love affairs, string them like colored wampum on the silver ribbon of vanity, like Lorna Patrick.

She said, "I'll listen to what you have to say, David, but I'm telling you at the beginning that nothing can change me. I'm sorry but that's the way I am."

He sat opposite her and leaned his elbows on his knees. He took a pencil from an inner pocket and sat turning the lead in and out absently. When he spoke his voice came a little flat and harsh.

He said, "Can you understand a man—who cares so much that he wants to give you what you want—no matter how much it costs him? Who wants you to be happy—

(Continued on Page 11)

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Lady Howard's Mysterious Arrest By the English Secret Agents

While Her Husband Was Raiding Germany With the RAF, the Home Secretary Snatched the Hungarian Beauty From Her War Work and Shocked British Society Is Wondering If She Will Be Executed as a Spy, or If the Government Is Protecting Her From Enemy Vengeance

Arundel Castle, Historic Seat of the Dukes of Norfolk, Part of Which Dates Back to the Time of William the Conqueror. There Is Still a Possibility That This Magnificent Edifice May Be Inherited by Lord Howard Along With the Title of Premier Duke of England.

LONDON.

"WHAT has she done? What could she have done?" was asked of the Scotland Yard operatives, as they took Lady Howard of Effingham from her luxury apartment at Park West, Marble Arch.

"She is detained by order of the Home Secretary, under Defense Regulation 18B. That is all we know," replied the older of the Scotland Yard men, but the younger added sadly:

"I venture she is the loveliest woman taken into custody during the war."

Evidently it was hard for the man to believe that anyone so sweet and utterly beautiful could do wrong. Yet Mr. Herbert Morrison, Home Secretary, must have been able to harbor such an ungallant thought.

All England was astounded, but none so much as a member of the crew of a Royal Air Force bomber, who is her husband, Lord Howard of Effingham, and her father-in-law, the Earl of Effingham.

These men are direct descendants of the first Earl of Effingham who, with Sir Francis Drake, defeated the Spanish Armada. This first Earl of Effingham had a cousin, Catherine Howard, fifth of the six wives of King Henry VIII and beheaded by that Royal bluebeard.

Defense Regulation 18B is a stern war emergency measure against spies, saboteurs and both Red and Nazi Fifth Column workers. Under its provisions offenders are tried in secret and many have been executed, though thus far no woman has paid the death penalty under that law.

Kathleen Meyrick, Daughter of London's Notorious Night Club Queen, Broke Her Engagement to Lord Howard at the Time He Went Bankrupt. He Married the Beautiful Hungarian Shortly Afterward.

Hungary-Born Lady Howard, Whose Marriage Made Her a British Citizen and Placed Her in the Highest Rank of English Nobility. Her Sudden Arrest Under the Defense Laws Has Left All England Gasping in Surprise.

Poor Lord Howard of Effingham's Romantic Misadventures Began With His Jilting by Pretty Kathleen Meyrick, and Now He Seems to Have Lost, for the Time Being at Least, Lady Howard, Too.

Up to a certain point it is easy to build the possibility that Lady Howard of Effingham might be a dangerous enemy to Britain. She certainly could have been, for she carries all the weapons for the game, also she has the background and atmosphere.

The beautiful and mysterious prisoner is not British-born but a native of Budapest, Hungary, where her father was a candy manufacturer. For some obscure reason, he became a citizen of Poland and was there when the Germans marched in on one side followed by the Russians on the other. He fled to Yugoslavia and is supposed to be there now. The fact that he moved from one hot-spot of German intrigue to another might have Fifth Column significance or merely mean that he was an honest business man, fleeing from the destroying Nazis.

Likewise it could be thought a special motive for his daughter, whose name was Maria Malvin Gertler, to go to England where, after only about two years, she became a British subject by marrying Lord Howard in October, 1938. There is also the interesting point that this daughter of a fugitive manufacturer always seemed to have plenty of money—much more than her husband.

Lady Howard is petite, dark and of a luring type of beauty, peculiar to Hungary, because of just enough infusion of Oriental blood to give a certain spice especially irresistible to men of Western Europe. On top of this she had acquired the delightful charm of manner learned by women of Budapest's upper classes.

But that was not all. The woman possesses a natural magnetism which attracts both men and women to her at first sight. An English blonde, possibly slightly jealous, said, "She makes me think of a magnetic mine."

Because nobody outside of Hungary speaks their language, Hungarians of the upper classes, are among the world's most accomplished linguists, usually speaking English, French and German, almost without foreign accent. A woman of this description is ideal spy material or rather was in the last war.

But the type became so notoriously successful that for this very reason it was discarded in this war. Nearly all the women spies and Fifth Column workers caught in England have been of the middle-aged, plain, homely, honest-housewife type.

However, considering that her marriage placed her in the very highest circles of British nobility, where her beauty, charm and magnetism could be turned upon men carrying in their heads war secrets worth billions to Hitler, there are those who think she may be the lovely exception who proves the rule. That Lady Howard of Effingham has the weapons, natural and acquired, to be a dangerous woman anywhere and had elevated herself to a peculiarly strategic position, cannot be denied, but did she use those powers against England?

At this point all theories of what she could have done in the way of spying run into a barrage of improbabilities. A spy must not only gather information but pass it on to an agent who can get it to someone who has means of communicating with the enemy who is paying for them all.

In war time a spy dare not write nor telephone information to another agent. She must arrange secret signals for an interview or contact, tactics which involve time and ingenuity. Even more so is the necessity of keeping in touch with her superior.

A spy does not go out on her own initiative to wheedle war secrets out of important personages. It is not done that way because she does not know how much the power she is working for knows and what it wants to find out. It is more like this, for instance. The head of the spy organization in England gets his orders to find out when a certain impending event is going to happen. To ask point blank of any of those who know the date, would be worse than useless.

The head sends word down through various agents directing the spy to invite a certain officer or official to her party to be given at a certain date, and if he declines, to set the nearest possible date to it. His answer which she transmits seems trivial but if eleven other spies turn in similar answers from eleven other important persons who would be overworked at the time, the Nazi Government knows pretty well when the impending event is due.

Now Lady Howard's life, since the war, seems to have been an open book and a busy one all in patriotic endeavor. The declaration of war separated the couple and stopped their butterfly high-society life. His Lordship applied to join the Royal Air Force hoping to be given one of those single-seater fighting planes where if one shoots down an enemy, the glory is all his.

But Lord Howard is 34 years old and, in spite of his rank and impressive ancestry, younger men received that privilege and he had to be content with the job of machine gunner on a bombing plane. However, for thrills and danger this leaves little to complain about.

Lady Howard at once opened her apartment with an energetic and patriotic friend, Mrs. Phillips. The two women turned the luxury flat into an office full of other women who worked days and most of the nights, knitting comforts for sailors, collecting clothes for refugees and organizing bridge parties for the Spitfire funds.

Where such a busy woman could find time for intrigue is hard to imagine. Few men, important or otherwise, came to that apartment and when she went out, it was usually with some of the other women workers. Nobody remembers seeing her at night clubs so where and when could she have had the tete-a-tetes, necessary for asking the innocent-sounding but deadly questions? Her father-in-law, the old Earl, was first to be interviewed after the arrest. He said:

"As far as I know, Lady Howard has absolutely enlisted her feelings in every way for this country, and has done nothing but help people since she came here. I know nothing of what has happened but I do know that there is no one more English than she is."

Her husband, stunned by the news, could only repeat his father's words. A more hopeful, though not entirely satisfactory, theory is that Lady Howard has been taken into protective custody. Perhaps she was approached by the spy organization and pretending to work for it, betrayed some of its members to the British. The penalty for such double-crossing is assassination.

In that case, to remain at large in London would mean certain death for Lady Howard. Her only hope would be for the government to spirit her away to Australia, Canada or South Africa, as plain Mrs. Smith. But she is not plain Mrs. Smith, but a startlingly beautiful personality. With Nazi secret agents everywhere, how could she hope to conceal her identity from them?

In 1935, Lord Howard was engaged to Kathleen Meyrick, one of the six charming daughters of the notorious Mrs. Kate Meyrick. As most everyone knows Kate began business with a small night club, obtained mysterious backing, opened up more and more expensive and exclusive night clubs, including the Silver Slipper and the Forty-Three Club, for some time making a profit of $5,000 a week.

One of the reasons for her success was the fact that she served drinks all night in defiance of the law. Every time Scotland Yard sent their operatives disguised as night-life spendthrifts to her places they invariably found the law obeyed to the letter. Finally it was discovered that one of Scotland Yard's own officials was tipping Kate off. For bribing an officer of the law she served a prison sentence but died a rich woman.

Mrs. Meyrick used her wealth to place her daughters in circles far above her own sphere and succeeded in an almost miraculous manner.

Mrs. Meyrick's oldest daughter, May, married the Earl of Kinnoull, a nobleman of ancient historic family. They received their first title from King Alexander III of Scotland in 1251 and have held a high position until the grandfather of May's husband blew in most of the family property. May's husband was not a mighty general or statesman, but he was kind to his wife and deeply mourned by her.

The late Lord Kinnoull was married first to Miss Enid Hamilton-Fellows, of the Wills tobacco family, one of the greatest heiresses in England, but he did not have the ability to hold on to her, allowed her to divorce him, and was married a year later to May Meyrick. He had tried various ways of making a living, such as selling motor cars, helping to run a night club, and so on.

The second daughter—Dolly or Dorothy Meyrick—married Lord de Clifford, called "Little Lord Fauntleroy" by his friends at the time of the marriage. His title dated from 1299. But like his brothers-in-law he was not overburdened with worldly goods and has tried to pick up a penny or two in the night club business and selling motor-cars.

The de Clifford family history is strong in romance. A daughter of the first Lord was Rosamond Clifford, known as Fair Rosamond, the beautiful mistress of King Henry II, who kept her in a lovely bower, where Queen Eleanor discovered her, as related in the old legend, and gave her the choice of drinking a cup of poison or dying by the dagger in the Queen's hand.

Nancy Meyrick, the third daughter, married in 1933 Lieut. Edward FitzRoy St. Aubyn, cousin of Lord St. Levan. The St. Levans are wealthy and have a fine old castle called St. Michael's Mount in Cornwall, but Lieutenant St. Aubyn is only a cousin.

The main reason Kathleen Meyrick broke her engagement to Lord Howard seems to have been that just then he went bankrupt. Had she cared to finance the marriage, there was every expectation that Howard would inherit his father's title of Earl and a remote possibility of becoming the Duke of Norfolk, the premier Duke of England and his wife besides bearing the title of Duchess would be the mistress of magnificent Arundel Castle. While Lord Howard was mourning his loss, the Hungarian beauty appeared as consolation.

Now she is lost too—he knows not why or where.

The Howard family has been unlucky in love before. The most prominent case was a Howard who was considered an acceptable husband for the great Queen Elizabeth but he preferred to woo Mary Queen of Scots. For this error in judgment Elizabeth beheaded him.

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Science's Newest Terrors Aimed at "War of Total Destruction"

Drunk With Power and Success, Fanatical War Lords Dream of Enlisting Such Aides as Death, Germs and Viruses to Be Unleashed From Test Tubes, Flying Laboratories That Are Soon to Be Only a Description.

Insect Pests May Be Sent in Hordes Against an Enemy, Leaving in Their Wake Barren Fields Like This—Which Means Starvation.

**Waiting to Be Unle[a]shed by the "Men on Horseback" Are Hellish Brews of Chemist[ry]. Mists of Hidden Flame, Cr[ops]-Destroying Parasites and Flock[s] of Infected Birds, While Spies[work to Discover to Which of [these Barbarities There Is No C[ounter Agent

Like the Dread Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, the Soldiers of Horror Await the Call to Ride, and From the Storm Clouds, Scatter Their Deathly Burdens Over Peace-Peaceful Village Farm and City—Unless They Are Checked by Weapons More Terrible Even Than Their Own.

By DR. MILLEN BRIDGES

SWAT the flies and Germs are the two pastimes Hitler's hordes are practising in preparation for the "all out" war of total destruction in which half the world is now engaged. On the strength of these reports, scientists have worked night and day to perfect counter-terrors and neutralizing agents to render the original ones ineffective.

Above all these arms and agents have been striving desperately to find the one which will turn the other arms of terror back upon their users. It is a strain to produce the ultimate barbarism to which the world is now subjected. But until one of the other antidotes—and at least one has been perfected—is ready for use, the new diabolical weapons are being held in reserve.

All of Adolf Hitler's important ones are known. The only mysteries about them are how far the various kinds have been developed and which he may perhaps employ, and in what swamp and where. For most of these agents seem to prove two-edged swords and some which he might not dare try on England might seem safer to unloose on the American continent.

Hitler has boasted that he has a secret weapon against which there is no answer. But this is not true. For, unless the weapon can produce an almost instantaneous knockout, there is always the answer of retaliation with the same or a slightly different form of the same thing.

The Nazis are not likely to drop mustard gas still the most effective known to science, or any of the other world-war poisons on London because they know that in a few hours tons of the same stuff will be raining down on German cities. On the other hand, if the Germans should pour down from the English skies chemical compounds of thallium which is one of the earth's 56 elements, a little danger that the Royal Air Force would dump any of that particular poison on Berlin since Germany controls almost the entire supply. But the retaliation would be with something else, possibly the synthetic tri-orthocresyl phosphate—that is, if England and the U. S. A. are not still thinking in terms of the past or what is almost as bad, the present, instead of the future.

Thallium compounds are suggestive of the time bombs which do not explode until some time after landing. Their action is perhaps even more like a germ disease in that the poison has to incubate from one to three weeks before the victim knows that anything has happened to him. The synthetic Lord preaches has a similar period of about 21 days before symptoms appear. This poison was unknown except to scientists, until called to public attention during the Prohibition era when thousands died from drinking Jamaica ginger. The effects of thallium and other sky-poisons I will describe later, including one which can be generated directly in the sky itself.

THE scientific Pandora's box contains devils of all sizes ready to attack not only human beings but animals, food-plants, cotton, flax and any other form of living thing useful to man, but even that is not all. Still others, which would do negligible harm to animal or vegetable life, might be effective in poisoning the explosions of the airplane's gasoline engine. One of these is already right there in the engine. In small doses, it acts as a sedative on the motor, but, as with most drugs in the human system, a large enough dose kills the engine.

This is our old, familiar acquaintance, tetraethyl lead, whose presence the law requires the filling station operator to advertise on his pump. There is just enough of this explosion poisoner in each drop to even the explosions, preventing knocks and "pinging" to which high-compression engines are subject, but a large amount would stop the engine dead. Iron carbonyl and many others have the same effect.

Diesel engines are immune to tetraethyl. Therefore if the Germans should send a fleet of Diesel bombers over London and poison the air with tetraethyl, British planes could not fight them, and it would be worse than no answer to shoot up more motor in from the ground. But if the British would poison the air with the war gas chloropicrin, this would be the almost perfect retort because, though that gas does not even annoy a gasoline engine, it poisons the explosions of a Diesel engine.

Prince Rupprecht, of Bavaria, said of France "We are adequately prepared for the last war." Winston Churchill sarcastically remarked that the British army had been mechanized to the extent that its horses had been taken away from it. France and England both seem to have entered the present war adequately prepared for the last world war. The question is whether England and America are now preparing for war as it was waged in 1940, or as it will be waged in 1941. The general public, however, seems to be worrying about weapons that exist only in their imagination, such as the "death-ray."

Most Hellish of All the Chemical Weapons Is Reported to Be a Gas That Is Odorless, Invisible—and Which Leaves Its Victims in Good Health for From One to Three Weeks—Then They Fall Dead.

THE Belgian fortress of Eben Emaul blocked the path of the German blitzkrieg, its garrison standing alert at the guns ready to annihilate the advance guard of invaders with their light tanks and infantry.

According to a German communique, a single airplane landed in the courtyard of Eben Emaul and somehow rendered the entire garrison so helpless that the infantry rushed up to the mysteriously-silenced turrets and captured this key position, without a shot being fired at them.

The story gave birth to rumors that it was Hitler's "unanswerable weapon," and must be the death-ray because what else could paralyze a whole garrison like that? It was not a death-ray for the reason that, though there are rays which will kill a rabbit at a distance of a few feet, these require tremendous amounts of power, more than any plant could generate, and no amount of power would make it strong enough to strike down the entire garrison of a fortress.

Assuming that the communique is to be believed, which is assuming a lot, such a result at least conceivable as a result of using one of the so-called "nerve-gases." One of the commonest of these is trichlorethylene, which can be manufactured in unlimited quantities from coal, salt water and air. Those who inhale it are made unconscious for a short time. But even if one of this type had been concentrated greatly, it still would be useful only in enclosed places, and of small influence on the war, as has been the much-exploited magnetic mine. More likely the garrison was paralyzed by the "nerve-poison" of Fifth Column propaganda such as caused men stationed to blow up bridges to divert their posts long before there was any sign of the enemy.

WHY hasn't Herr Hitler used any of the new poisons such as thallium, the disease microbes such as those of the Black Death or the killers in the form of fungi, germs and insects to destroy animal and vegetable life, which he is known to have in his chemical arsenals? The main reason is the lesson the Germans learned from introducing poison gas in the last war. The new weapon must score a quick and decisive victory before Germany can be also knocked out by retaliation. Der Fuehrer can hide his time, safe in the knowledge that no matter what England may have, it will never be used on Germany first for humanitarian reasons. As Hitler himself has put it, "England and France are de-barbarized."

Take thallium, for instance: as odorless tasteless crystals, it could drift down from the heaven. The element's atomic weight is 204, lying between gold and mercury. Thallium, itself, is a metal and not suitable as such for poison gas warfare. The important point is that thallium has been turned into vaporizing organic compounds which slowly evaporate into the air as do mothballs and camphor. It is the organic form which is so deadly. It is a poison, cumulative in its action and affects the human body as does arsenic and mercury. Less than one gram will kill a human being weighing 200 pounds. A pound of it would kill 500 men should it reach them, and a ton would kill or cripple a million people. There is no known antidote, at least outside of Germany.

The slow action of thallium is both an advantage and a disadvantage. Since it will take at least a week before the first symptoms appear in its first victim, this might allow the Germans seven days and seven nights or more of intensive artillery and machine-gun fire to waft ashore in advance of the troops and British. If no neither this nor any other send will be used before that time because at the first whiff the British will rebrutalize themselves to the extent of retaliating in kind, against the invasion ports and perhaps the German cities.

The German General Staff now realizes the truth of the prescient laid down for them by Fritz Haber during the last war, when he first introduced gas warfare. Haber insisted that if gases be used at all they be done in an "all-out" opera-

(Continued on Page 13)

The Munitions Men of Science Are Working Day and Night Concocting Protection and Antidotes Against the Deadliness of Modern "All-Out" Horror Weapons.

Migrating Birds Artificially Infected With Psittacosis, Horse Encephalitis or Other Germs to Spread Diseases in Other Lands, Are on the Destroyers' Program. But the Homely Potato Bug (Above) May Strike Back at Germany, as a Destroyer of Food.

Was It "Nerves Gas" a Poison That Caused Mass Fear and Hysteria—Or Was It Really Fifth Column Propaganda That Caused the Belgians at Fort Eben Emael to Give Up Without a Struggle?

Mexico's Newest Lady Bullfighter

110-Pound Conchita Cintron, Whose Parents Are American, Is Only 18, But Already a Heroine of a Hundred Battles in Mexico, and Says Being a "Torera" Isn't Such a Tough Job Even If You're Not Strong, Because It's Only Nerve That Counts

The Dangerous Moment—Conchita Steps Aside and Waves the Cloak in Front of the Maddened Bull to Divert His Attention

Here, Conchita Is Giving the Coup de Grace—One of the Most "Artistic" Touches of the Bullfight. The Sword Has to Be Held Just So and a Very Small Spot in the Bull's Neck Pierced, Causing Instant Death.

"NEVER [illegible] the first [illegible] that [illegible] says [illegible] author.

Conchita [illegible] her a glowing [illegible] quoted here [illegible]

As a [illegible] women have [illegible] longed [illegible] a more [illegible] not meet a [illegible] praise on the [illegible] art of bullfighting [illegible] not to be compare[illegible]

It cannot be [illegible] occupation. However [illegible] can do anything [illegible] seem a good [illegible] widely believed [illegible] the [illegible] than [illegible]

It is [illegible] alarming [illegible] this dainty [illegible] struggling [illegible] age bull whose [illegible] has been [illegible] pen [illegible] known to the [illegible] bullfighting.

Conchita [illegible] that she has chosen bullfighting as her life work. Said to [illegible] she spurns the [illegible] and romance. Perhaps most men would [illegible] care to [illegible] who has been [illegible] for some [illegible] killing. But there [illegible] men who [illegible] or foolish enough [illegible] face and [illegible] pretty women.

Conchita [illegible] bull either [illegible] mounted on an [illegible] steed that [illegible] her skirts [illegible] falling [illegible] and [illegible] course [illegible] her for [illegible] could [illegible] said and [illegible] problems [illegible] from [illegible] in the [illegible]

Señorita Conchita Cintron, Mexico's Newest Bullfighter—And She Doesn't Look at All Bloodthirsty

Photo by Louis Sainmary, Courtesy of Mexico City Newspaper, "Excelsior."

Portia Portar, Brilliant American Girl Bullfighter, Shown in the Traditional Toreador Costume Which She Has Theatrically Readopted, Executing the Perfect "Gaonera" Note the Position of the Arms and Cape

As a [illegible] an [illegible] the [illegible] agility [illegible] fine [illegible] and [illegible] Her courage [illegible] has won [illegible] of the [illegible] Her father [illegible] mother is [illegible] she [illegible] American author [illegible] Hearst. When she was [illegible] and [illegible] interested [illegible] also [illegible] to [illegible] and [illegible] progressed to more serious [illegible]

Her first appearance [illegible] was at the old "plaza" of Acho in [illegible] She was nearing thirteen. She fought to the death a young steer from the famous Olivar cattle ranch, with such perfect assurance that it won her the deafening applause of a bidding the first of a long series of similar successes.

For a time she carried on her bullfighting career in Peru, where the people [illegible] her as a noble daughter. Then [illegible] to Portugal, because she was [illegible] peculiar Portuguese style of bullfighting called "rejoneor." She soon became an outstanding [illegible] In 1917 [illegible] the first [illegible] Madrid contest for bullfighters held at Lisbon.

[illegible] her return to [illegible] she once more [illegible] the greatest [illegible] ever [illegible] bullfighters [illegible] Mexican bull [illegible] She has [illegible] Lima [illegible] Mexico.

She [illegible] 110 pounds and the contrast [illegible] when she puts her skill [illegible] 1,000 pound bull. This contrast alone [illegible] the crowd to its feet cheering tremendously.

She can ride a horse in the ring, place the long banderillas behind the bull's shoulders and kill him in the Portuguese style, or she can let the picadors plant the banderillas after which she fights and kills the bull on the ground in the Spanish style.

Chucho Solorzano, top ranking Mexican bullfighter, saw her in the Lima ring and brought her to Mexico. Conchita accepts no social engagements and spends hours training daily. She lives only to fight bulls.

Some day," she says, "I shall not be able to fight bulls and then I shall have time for society.

It doesn't take great strength to kill a bull. You must be cool and sure. If the sword strikes the proper spot, it penetrates easily. If it doesn't you've failed and failure may mean injury or death.

Many women have made their appearance in the bullfight arena, and usually the appearance has been brief and disastrous. A pretty little dancer of Spanish birth, named Flora Josiane, was the leader of a chorus that was struggling to win popular applause in a Cannes cabaret. Then two artists performing the newly introduced "black bottom" appeared and stole all the applause from poor Josiane.

The situation was desperate. Her manager tried having Flora lose most of her clothes by accident, but that did not produce a ripple of excitement.

The manager went into his study and thought up a splendid scheme to make Flora a figure of world-wide celebrity. He arranged to have her dance in the bullfight arena at San Sebastian in Spain, which was not far away. She would execute her maddeningly delightful dance while matadors and picadors went on with their daily task of goading a bull to fury.

The program began as arranged. Josiane danced in a costume consisting of a few red ribbons. This infuriated the bull more than anything that had been done to him. He charged at Josiane and threw her down but fortunately missed making a fatal thrust at his first attempt.

Unfortunately the various managers had forgotten to tell the bullfighters about the scheme and they were not ready to protect Josiane as they should have been. However, they soon discovered what was wrong and succeeded in rescuing her by the use of their swords and spears.

She was seriously injured and carried away to the hospital where she recovered in a few weeks. The stunt promoted Josiane's success and her manager was enormously proud of himself.

Señorita Enriqueta M. Palmeno, of Seville, felt a yearning to figure in the bull-ring and received the applause of the public like the popular toreadors. She was tossed, knocked out cold and injured. The public did not applaud but only said she was a hoot. After that she decided that woman's place was in the home.

Señorita Dana Gavenez was the sweetheart of a toreador of Barcelona who had killed many bulls and been the lover of many women. A great bullfight had been arranged at the Fiesta of the Annunciation. The toreador of Señorita Gavenez was the star of the day. Soon it became his turn to take the ring and tackle the fully baited and bellowing bull which was waiting in the ring to battle with him. The audience waited. Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed. The audience was getting impatient as was also the bull.

In the dressing room of the toreador an amazing [illegible] was occurring.

The toreador was blue with fear and was struggling with the picadors who were trying to force him into the ring. He had lost his nerve for the first time in his life. The entreaties of the girl who loved him also proved of no avail and it looked as if the real facts of the toreador's fright must be made known to his everlasting shame.

Suddenly the dark-eyed Señorita had an idea. Tearing off her dress she stripped the bright silk garments from her lover and hastily donned them. Then with her dark hair flying loose down her back, she grasped the cologne or [illegible] sword and [illegible] and leaving her lover cowering in a [illegible] ran into the ring [illegible] astonished the fact that her lover was [illegible] but she was going to [illegible] them the treat of their lives—she was [illegible] to tackle the bull.

At first there were loud cries of dissent, but the brave girl was already "playing" the bull with her muleta. She killed the bull, was awarded its ears and became the heroine of the hour.

The sensitive toreador [illegible] his brave [illegible] heart were [illegible] and lived happily ever [illegible] on account of the wholesome [illegible] she exercised over him.

Portia Portar, an American girl, had a successful [illegible] bullfighting and performed brilliantly [illegible]

[illegible] fighting for a short time that the regular toreadors became malignant for fear that their ancient art might eventually be dominated by women bullfighters. The Spanish Government then issued an order forbidding the appearance of women in the arena.

This order, of course, had no relation to Spanish-American countries.

Women were employed as bullfighters in the gay and luxurious Cretan life of 5000 years ago. The beautiful wall paintings at Cnossus show girls, and men, too, engaged in the sport of bullfighting. Apparently they fought bulls in competition with one another. The girls were evidently highly honored and they were privileged to wear a peculiar symbol on their costume as evidence of their extremely manly qualities.

Were these girls forced into their deadly occupation to gratify the bloodthirsty leanings of the Cretan ruling class? It is apparent that there was some connection between the existence of women bullfighters and the legend of the Athenian youths and maidens who were sent to gratify the cruel yearnings of the Minotaur of Crete.

Perhaps the Athenian maidens were the girl bullfighters of the Cnossus frescoes. But it seems that the exact facts behind the Minotaur legend will never be learned.

Unorthodox Cartoon Showing What a Mexican Caricaturist Thought Might Happen to the Bullfight When Automobiles Were Introduced in That Country.

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WHEN THE REAL "ALL OUT" COMES

A Lurid Illustration of 1882 Forecasting a Horror That May Add to the Barbarities of the Present War. In This Drawing, Scientists Are Depicted Filling a Bomb With Deadly Germs to Make Troops Incapable of Resistance. Photo from Bettmann Archive.

(Continued from Double Page)

tion, over the widest possible front and only if a quick victory seemed possible

CHEMICAL death is not the only, nor perhaps the worst that can be sent down from the clouds - there is also living death-dust. Heinz Leipmann, in his "Death From the Skies" states that some years ago, at one of the main entrances to the London subway an alien stranger was picked up by the police for releasing bacteria. Further immediate investigation tracked down in the depths of the subway another alien, carrying in his

quantities of the microbe or virus than perhaps nature had ever produced at one time, and would

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Child Derelicts of Paris

(Continued from Page 5)

cais, and German equally well.

The story generally believed, is that Madelaine was in a convent somewhere in Northern France when a squad of Nazis pounded at the front door. The children, in panic, dashed out other doors and in spite of the efforts of the sisters, kept on going in the hope of getting to their homes on foot Some say that the convent was bombed but records of those that were attracked show no indication of having harbored anyone who fits Madelaine's description

Anyhow Madelaine managed to reach her home in Paris only to find it deserted by all except her old nurse Presumably her father was killed or captured at the front and her mother killed in flight. More than likely her own family car was among those stripped by her gang

THERE is a long, unfilled gap between her arrival at home and her appearance in front of the dilapidated old cafe. The truth of what happened during that interval will never be known until after the war because anyone who tries to find out soon meets a Gestapo agent who informs him unpleasantly that the matter is unimportant and he had better find some more useful occupation

It is too much to believe that any 16-year-old child, accidentally passing the cafe when the starving chil'ren came out, took charge and, on the spur of the moment invented the plan which worked so successfully. Some of her elders though hardly betters, must have coached and planted Madelaine there, with the dull-witted, though faithful, nurse

Who these persons were, is as much a mystery as the source of her endless supply of clean white gloves. She and her gang seem to be just another cog in Hitler's new plan for Europe. The Germans do not recognize her organization, of course, and have threatened to place all the waifs in a concentration camp, as they easily could, but no such move has been made

Madelaine, said to be utterly unscrupulous, is so wily that her followers believe she can read their minds and therefore never lie to her. It cannot be denied that the flapper dictator has done much good Nothing will convince any of the gang that she did not save them all from starvation

This may be quite true and certainly she has seen to it that the members are among the best-nourished children in occupied France. Though the children sell vitamin concentrates manufactured in the United States, they neither consume any themselves nor need them. None probably knows anything about balanced meals but their appetites tell them when they have had too much of one thing and their systems need another article of food Other children know what they need too but their mothers do not know any way of getting things that are not in the markets, only Madelaine the mysterious, can do that

The workers of the gang range in ages from 8 to 18. The older ones are welcomed by some of the cafe proprietors for whom they act as runners drumming up nocturnal customers There are also quite a few too young to be of any service and one or two babies, which are supported as a form of charity The organization cares for its sick and injured, calling in and even paying for a doctor when needed. He is the only adult permitted within headquarters, except Madelaine's nurse

An unexpected feature of her rule is that White Glove Madelaine makes as many of her gang attend school as she can manage When one is arrested, he or she spends most of the 24-hour-imprisonment studying school books. If the young prisoner has no books, another member soon appears with them

AGAINST this good, is a heavy balance of evil Of course morals were tossed out the window, along with other "technicalities" of a smashed world Madelaine is said to have always at least six lovers among the older boys, which might have been prophesied by anthropologists Just as the Germans have reverted to the same savage socialism in which Julius Caesar found them, so Madelaine and her gang have gone even further back to the stage of matriarchy, in which polyandry belonged

Another evil that could have been foreseen is that many of the children have become addicts of the narcotics they peddle. Madelaine eats and also drinks moderately in the local cafes, where she not only pays cash but tips liberally. In return she receives tips on whom to rob She trusts no one but a few starved Americans, although this may be on account of the value of the few dollars they still have in their possession

She never touches drugs Why she allowed others to start on the deadly road is not known, but possibly it is because she thought warnings on that score were more technicalities to be disregarded

Gas, water and electricity have been turned off at the urchins' headquarters, where little cooking is done. Some of the members cook their meals, like tramps of old, in tin cans over fires in alleys. But for the most part they know how to get it done expertly for them. Usually all they need do is knock at the kitchen door of a mother, known to be a good cook, show her what raw food they have and get her to prepare it on a small commuse-soon basis. A Parisian mother will do almost anything to give her child a good square meal and no embarrassing questions asked

IF YOU CAN'T SEND COLD-STUFFY NOSE TO PALM BEACH . . .

you can open the way to new freedom from sniffly clogging Just sniff a whiff of Penetro Inhaler vapors—and **biff** those cold-clogged miseries out of the way. Soothing vapors bring you nose-happy freedom

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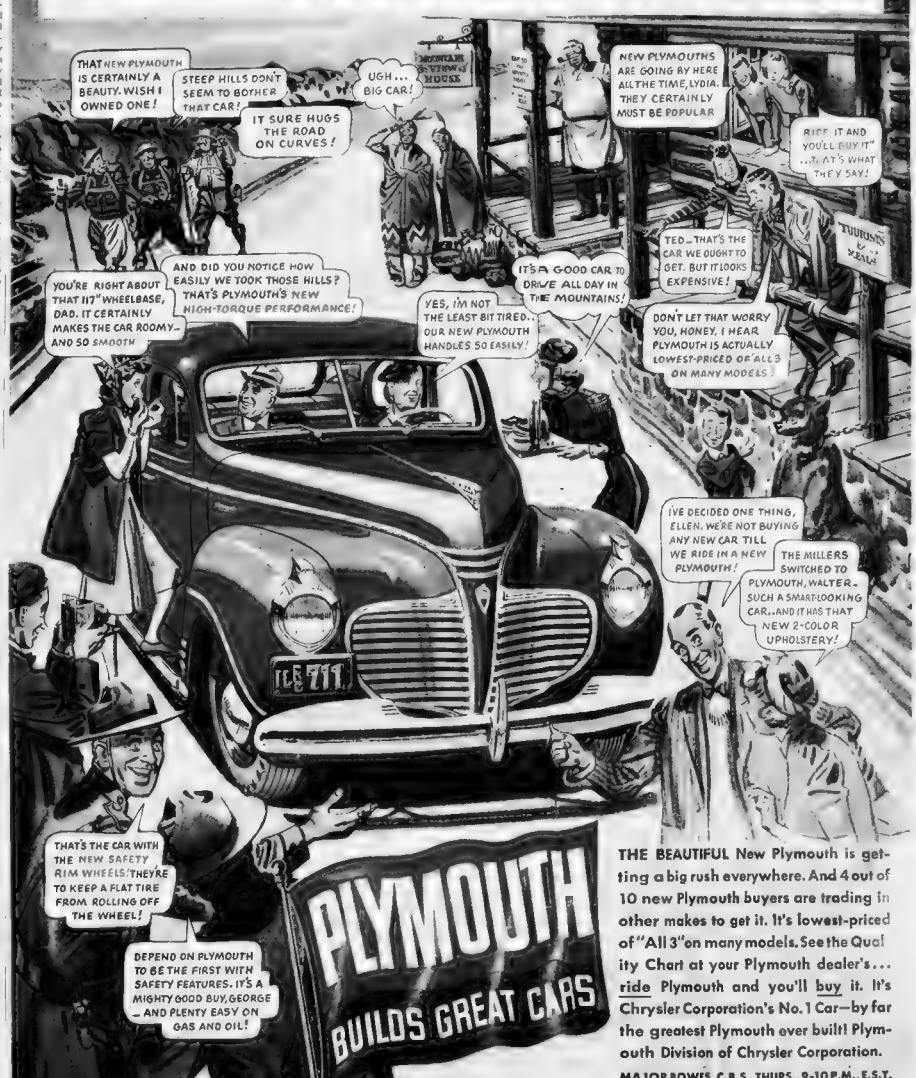
"I CAN'T AFFORD BLEMISHES" EXTERNALLY CAUSED ... SAY MODELS AND ACTRESSES

Many professional beauties spend fortunes for fancy cosmetics, yet there are no finer, purer complexion aids than inexpensive, mildly medicated Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Fragrant Cuticura Soap is economical for all toilet purposes. Emollient Cuticura Ointment helps relieve externally caused irritations. Buy at your druggist's. For FREE sample, write to Cuticura, Dept. 52, Malden, Mass.

IN SALES—AND ON THE ROAD— SOME CLIMBER!


THAT NEW PLYMOUTH IS CERTAINLY A BEAUTY. WISH I OWNED ONE!
STEEP HILLS DON'T SEEM TO BOTHER THAT CAR!
IT SURE HUGS THE ROAD ON CURVES!
UGH... BIG CAR!
NEW PLYMOUTHS ARE GOING BY HERE ALL THE TIME, LYDIA. THEY CERTAINLY MUST BE POPULAR
RIDE IT AND YOU'LL BUY IT" ...THAT'S WHAT THEY SAY!
TOURISTS WELCOME
TED—THAT'S THE CAR WE OUGHT TO GET. BUT IT LOOKS EXPENSIVE!
IT'S A GOOD CAR TO DRIVE ALL DAY IN THE MOUNTAINS!
DON'T LET THAT WORRY YOU, HONEY. I HEAR PLYMOUTH IS ACTUALLY LOWEST-PRICED OF ALL 3 ON MANY MODELS!
YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT THAT 117" WHEELBASE, DAD. IT CERTAINLY MAKES THE CAR ROOMY—AND SO SMOOTH
AND DID YOU NOTICE HOW EASILY WE TOOK THOSE HILLS? THAT'S PLYMOUTH'S NEW HIGH-TORQUE PERFORMANCE!
YES, I'M NOT THE LEAST BIT TIRED.. OUR NEW PLYMOUTH HANDLES SO EASILY!
I'VE DECIDED ONE THING, ELLEN. WE'RE NOT BUYING ANY NEW CAR TILL WE RIDE IN A NEW PLYMOUTH!
THE MILLERS SWITCHED TO PLYMOUTH, WALTER— SUCH A SMART-LOOKING CAR...AND IT HAS THAT NEW 2-COLOR UPHOLSTERY!
THAT'S THE CAR WITH THE NEW SAFETY RIM WHEELS. THEY'RE TO KEEP A FLAT TIRE FROM ROLLING OFF THE WHEEL!
DEPEND ON PLYMOUTH TO BE THE FIRST WITH SAFETY FEATURES. IT'S A MIGHTY GOOD BUY, GEORGE — AND PLENTY EASY ON GAS AND OIL!
PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

THE BEAUTIFUL New Plymouth is getting a big rush everywhere. And 4 out of 10 new Plymouth buyers are trading in other makes to get it. It's lowest-priced of "All 3" on many models. See the Quality Chart at your Plymouth dealer's... ride Plymouth and you'll buy it. It's Chrysler Corporation's No. 1 Car—by far the greatest Plymouth ever built! Plymouth Division of Chrysler Corporation.

MAJOR BOWES, C.B.S., THURS., 9-10 P.M., E.S.T.

Can a Girl With "MOUSEY HAIR" LOOK SMART?

W[illegible]

HALO SHAMPOO

SMART FASHIONS FOR MILADY!

THE easy-to-use dress patterns that appear in this and every issue of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY *bring the season's newest styles within reach of all discerning women readers. Look for the smart patterns in this issue!*

(Continued from Page 8)

even if it tears his heart apart," she could understand. That was the way she loved him. And now [illegible] But I would give [illegible] I won't listen! Don't say anything. If you really did love me you would do things [illegible] I can say this—that if he loved you as I do—[illegible] and Like away [illegible] up.

Jeff was [illegible] painting of the Rosetti. Quickly in pain[illegible] Ballard [illegible] a box [illegible] drawn on the gas [illegible]

"I [illegible] Rosemary to [illegible] Mallard dragged [illegible]

"I tried to [illegible]" he [illegible] pay then gave up and put [illegible] But When [illegible] it was all full of cheerful evasions. She's going off on a boat trip or something."

"Having a gay time, I suppose?" Jeff's voice was quite toneless.

"She listed a number of events [illegible] a merry [illegible] exhilarating [illegible] irrepressible [illegible] Sue Smith [illegible] Then gave up and said, 'Now you can tell me the rest, Jeff.'

"But whether she valued the possession or not—how could he know, giving what was not his to give, giving and withholding? There were moments that he kept like scarlet beads upon a golden string. In the darkness, when he was alone, he told them over, let the hungry fingers of his heart linger upon each, holding it precious, not knowing truly its worth. Not knowing because he had not dared to ask.

"If only he knew—but that was madness, for if he had known that she cared perhaps he could not have let her go. And he had no right to ask her to stay. Now, everything was habit, living and working, going on. Just as he went on now, mechanically wrapping books, laying them in neat stacks, in a wooden box.

He had no definite idea what he was going to do next. He had no plan only to find Marian, his wife, and to make her listen.

The Sergeant insisted on his coming to dinner, and Jeff went, not wanting to go but sorry [illegible]

Rosemary's Heart Gave a Wild Jerk. That Man With the Gray Hat, Walking Down the street. He Looked Like Jeff. He Walked Like Jeff

"You could move over," Mallard grumbled, "if you weren't the most iron-hearted female in these United States."

"Oh, but my dear, the iron is in my head, not in my heart! And I've gotten along so beautifully thus far, by always listening to the iron ring of common sense inside my head.

"If I listened to my heart I'd be coming rushing over here to be with the Major forever—and probably by fall he'd discover that he had married a woman he didn't know at all, and didn't really like so very much. It's too risky. Don't you agree with me, Mr. Lane?"

"Nobody agrees with you," declared Mallard, "and why don't you call him Jeff? And what am I supposed to be anyway, some sort of a dizzy moron who doesn't know what he wants?"

"All men are very adolescent when they fall in love." Lorna employed the brightly stimulated air, that would have moved her son to dry smiles, had he heard it. "Take the two of you—just to be brutally specific. Both of you made dismal wrecks of your lives by falling in love too impetuously, and not taking time to think. Or did you fall in love, Mr. Lane?"

"Lorna, do we have to drag personalities into this? Jeff doesn't want a clinical analysis of what has happened to his life—not even with such a clever surgeon to handle the knife as you, my dear. And I did fall in love, but I couldn't foresee what a war was going to do to me or to Vicki. It changed us both.

"We ceased to be the people who had loved and married each other. We had nothing left—except Rosemary. Thank the Lord she was left, otherwise the contemplation of my past would make me pretty darned sick. That's why I'm concerned about your future, why I want it to begin. I think I'm old enough to know what I'm doing."

"You think that I'm what you want, Major dear?" She leaned close to him, shutting Jeff out, making him feel prickly and uncomfortable. "You're quite certain? I'm a terribly independent person, you know. I've been alone a long time—too long perhaps. What do you think, Mr. Lane?"

I'm afraid I'm no diagnostician. As you pointed out so cleverly I didn't do any too well with my own affairs. But my weakness was youth. A young chap is easily dazzled. He hasn't any iron common sense, just a brassy egotism instead. Could I be excused from this clinic? I prefer not to drag up my past just now. It happens not to be dead. I buried it but it refuses to die."

Afterward, with sardonic humor, it occurred to him that very likely Lorna Patrick would put that sentence in one of her books.

The last things were in his bag everything but his toothbrush and his razor. He tossed those in and clipped it shut, and went out to find Kehoe and get him to drive him over to the station. He told the Sergeant good-by with a brusque hand shake, and the curt speech of men who love each other too much for words.

Mallard said, "Luck, Jeff. Come back when you get that business straightened out."

And Jeff, keeping his eyes down, said, "I may come back—but I'm betting I won't find you here."

"Betting how much?" Mallard flashed back quickly, his old grin going. He was still valiant, still brown and taut and hard as nails. Maybe Lorna wouldn't break him. Maybe he would have the grit to stand against her but Jeff had no sanguine feelings as he bumped along.

HE gave Kehoe a dollar to buy gas with and another dollar for beer, pumped the old man's hand and swung up to the steps of the Royal Palm, dropping into his seat to pull his hat over his eyes and sit for hours staring moodily at nothing. He looked very little now like the Jeff Lane who had tramped through citrus groves in a khaki shirt and shapeless, paint-stained pants smeared with lime sulphur.

He wore a new gray suit and a gray tie with narrow stripes of red in it. He had a good looking pig-skin bag under the seat, and a smart hat, and all of it had been bought with money that he had earned, money he had worked for.

It was not going to be pleasant, seeing Mrs Geoffrey Lane again, but when he did face her, meeting her slow, maternal, indulgent smile and her cool voice that walked so daintily over every other voice, so that no one else was ever heard unless she wished, he would be a man on his own, who had fought himself and won and who meant to take his life in his hands from now on and order it adequately and with self-respect.

Only one bit of weakness he permitted himself. He stopped off in Washington. He would not see Rosemary again—never again unless he could walk into her presence and face her, a free man. But he could walk past the house where she lived, see the roof that sheltered her and the door where she went in and out.

Let him see her only once more and he could go on with what he had to do.

But after he had hung around the neighborhood for part of a day without profit, he ventured inside the apartment building. He would leave a card and a message. Just "Good Luck," or "Hello" or something equally impersonal.

The girl at the switchboard handed the card back to him

"You'd better put it in the mail-box. They've gone out of town. They just left."

XX

THE trip to New York was Vicki's idea.

The check from Emory burned her fingers and she bought all the New York papers for a week, littering her bed with them on her lazy mornings, studying the advertisements of the shops, the theatres, the cruises.

Rosemary, bored to pain with the round of luncheons and parties, the same empty, stimulated chatter, protested at first.

"Oh, mother—I hate shopping I don't want any more clothes."

"But my dear you've worn everything you own at least twice. And Summer things will be different entirely. And I'm down to rags myself, I'm ashamed almost to send these things to the cleaners any more. We'll go by plane—the smell of trains makes me ill somehow lately. I think we should go Sunday, before all the really good plays close."

Rosemary gave up the argument because no argument seemed worth while any more. She did not care whether she went or whom she saw.

Around the Tidal Basin the cherry blossoms frothed into pearly bloom, and she slipped away to walk there, alone in the crowds of prep-school students, and tourists taking photographs. Lovers wandered over the springing grass with dreams in their eyes. Rosemary was homesick for the sea, and the green lushness of orange groves, for the still, hot chartreuse of the shimmering palmetto wastes and marshes.

The sun through the blossoms and the salt in the air helped a little, though the glint of sails on the water tore at her heart. Was Jeff sailing the Daisy now, on the roiled waters of the Sound, and was Kehoe going along, keeping seaweed from fouling the rudder, keeping the sheets tarred and bilge out of the Daisy's sacred deeps? Poor old Kehoe, she would send him a postal card. Georgie too. No, Georgie should have a letter of her own that she could keep and cherish.

Georgie would hide the letter away among the dusty dream books and scraps of silk, the tarnished ornaments and other pathetic trash that she hoarded. Even remembering that room with its thick atmosphere of perfumed hair-straightener and rheumatism ointment made Rosemary's throat ache.

She wrote a letter to Georgie and on an impulse clipped off a lock of hair and enclosed it. Georgie loved locks of hair. She pinned them on little cards and stuck them in her mirror frame. There was a rusty curl there still that had once graced the little-boy head of Emory Mallard.

And then when the tickets for the plane had been ordered, Rosemary saw the item in the paper that changed her reluctance to eagerness for the trip. Mrs. Geoffrey Lane, so said the society page, had returned to her home on Long Island.

Miles Crawford was in New York. Miles was more than a little interested, though whether in her mother or herself, Rosemary was unable to decide. But Miles would help her. He was the gentle, blundering type, like a good-natured St. Bernard and

(Continued on Page 16)

Don't just "deaden" a HEADACHE!

Druggist tells how to get more thorough relief with this 3-way remedy

TAKE a tip on headaches from a druggist who's been in the business for more than 14 years and knows what relief people want.

Joseph F Morgan (*right*) whose drug store is in Middletown, N Y., says: "When a customer asks for something for a headache, my first thought is Bromo Seltzer. I always recommend it and have used it myself for years. I feel Bromo-Seltzer does more for you than many other remedies because it gives *3-way* relief. It helps settle the *stomach* and calm the *nerves* in addition to relieving the *pain*. I can vouch for the relief it gives!"

It stands to reason that when you have a headache, what you want is not merely a single acting pain deadener, that may deaden the pain but still leave you with a logey feeling, but something that will help make you feel more alert, more like your old self again. And that's exactly what Bromo-Seltzer does for you. It not only helps STOP PAIN but also CALM NERVES and SETTLE STOMACH

That's why for more than 50 years, millions have depended on Bromo-Seltzer for ordinary headaches.

USED FOR 3 GENERATIONS

Many families have used it, right through, for 3 generations, for the relief it gives. Don't be satisfied with a remedy that may do only *one part* of the job! Next time you get a headache, try Bromo-Seltzer! See how much *more* it does for you!

Listen to Ben Bernie Friday Nights

BROMO-SELTZER

*Just use as directed on the label. For persistent or recurring headaches, see your doctor.

HOLLYWOOD CHARM HINT helps Sue to Romance

MAYBE I'D HAVE BETTER LUCK IF WE HAD CHARM FOR HANDS
YES—BUT HOW? OH SUSIE, LISTEN—IN THIS MAGAZINE CYNTHIA SCOTT SAYS "THERE'S CHARM IN SOFT HANDS"
LET'S SEE! OH—AND IT SAYS JERGENS LOTION HELPS ANY GIRL HAVE CHARMING SOFT HANDS BECAUSE JERGENS LOTION SUPPLIES SOFTENING MOISTURE YOUR HANDS NEEDS
OH LET'S GO GET A BOTTLE OF JERGENS LOTION NOW
AND WAY LOTS AFTER
MARTHA SCOTT'S SYNDICATED COLUMN SHE DAILY
MARTHA SCOTT
OH, SUSIE, I'M NOT SEE ANY OTHER WOMAN WHEN SHE'S NOT HANDS IN MINE!

FREE! THE START OF CHARMING HANDS FOR YOU!

HOW much softer your hands feel after even one use of Jergens Lotion! You see why more girls prefer Jergens. Two of its ingredients are so "special" for helping harsh skin to desirable smoothness that many doctors apply them. It's so practical! Never sticky! Imagine such a lovely way to help *prevent* unfeminine rough, chapped hands. Use Jergens Lotion regularly. Start now. 50¢, 25¢, 10¢—$1.00.

JERGENS LOTION

FOR SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS

MAIL NOW FOR YOUR *FREE* PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE

Paste on a Penny Postcard, if you a
The Andrew Jergens Co., Inc., 1914 Alfred Street Cincinnati, Ohio In Canada: Perth, Ontario)
I want to see how Jergens Lotion helps me have softer, lovelier hands. Please rush my free bottle
Name
Address
City

Does Your Cooking Make a Hit?

HAVE you some special way of cooking or baking that makes certain dishes tastier and really delicious?

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY will pay $5 for each recipe sent in by readers and used in the "Housewife's Almanack"—the unusual feature on the second from the last page of this and every issue. Read the easy-to-follow rules on that page!

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(Continued from Page 13)

United States. They can be dispersed as mists in an oil medium over wide stretches of territory. They can be used to coat the inside of bombs dropped from planes and of shells fired across the Channel. They may accompany mustard gas or Adamsite. They may be encased in soon-dissolving membranes and dropped into water reservoirs. Loosed seven miles up in the sky and as an impalpable dust they may ride the winds of the stratosphere for thousands of miles.

Last Fall when the storks of Holland made their usual migration to South Africa, some arrived with messages attached to their legs telling of the miseries of German occupation. These same birds will return next Spring, which is not important but so will many other kinds of migrating birds to England and the United States. Just before the time for their migration Nazi agents could infect them with psittacosis, equine encephalitis and perhaps other germs which they have never carried before.

The special problems of disease warfare are many. Besides depending on such variables as wind, seasonal insect and bird carriers, the diseases may backfire on those who dispense them. Poison gas may also do this. Munition dumps and oil tanks explode but such disasters are strictly local. Explosives and chemical poisons are not self-propagating but the virus and the microbe are and all human beings are meat to them. If the wind should shift unexpectedly the disease-dust meant for England might roll back to settle all over Europe, including Germany.

So before the Nazis start dusting England with death, they must produce and distribute enough serum or other sure-fire cure to save their own army and civilians. Since most of Europe is working in one way or another for the German war machine, it might be necessary to also save the lives in most of the occupied countries. Even worse, the infected air might roll back as far as silent partner Stalin's Soviet Russia.

For these reasons anything distributed wholesale in England would have to be mixed with carborundum powder, oil spray or some other vehicle to prevent the microbe or virus from wandering too far. This objection however would not apply to the United States and Canada. Planes could be sent from Mexico and from Japanese freighters on the Pacific to infect the West, the South and perhaps much of the East.

By choosing the right sort of night weather, the plans might not be identified as aliens. Since they would appear to drop nothing, nor to take photographs even if the death-dealers were spotted, probably nothing would come of the incident but diplomatic grumbles followed by denials of responsibility, until too late.

Canada, consisting of only about 11 000 000 people scattered over such a vast area, would perhaps cost too much per capita to be worth destroying in that way. But for that very reason she is more vulnerable than densely-populated countries to another form of air attack.

EVER since France gave up, it has been the task of the British navy, single-handed, to blockade all Europe, except for the enormous leak through Russia, keep the German navy hiding in its harbors and to convoy the ships bearing munitions and food to England.

England grows only 6% of the food she needs, the most important item being wheat. Here are a few figures indicating what an air war on wheat alone might accomplish. Hitler controls about 60% of the world's wheat. If Russia be included. The remaining 40% is raised in the following proportions: Canada 6%, Argentina 4%, India—10% and the United States—20%. The total exports of these areas comes to approximately 400 000 000 bushels.

Since the normal imports of the British Isles are about 250,000,000 bushels, Britain's wheat supply would appear safe provided she continues to get it by the German submarine and bomber blockade. But wheat is an undependable crop, liable to severe injury by rain too early or too late, drought or abnormally long or hard winters.

Many species of insect pests take advantage of changes in the weather. Rusts spring up overnight, molds beset the filling grains. Viruses alone or in various combinations with each other and with insects conspire against full crops. So notoriously varied are the results of wheat-farming that a whole system of dealing and gambling in wheat futures has arisen. A loss of 10% in the wheat crop outside Hitler's immediate control would be 180 000,000 bushels and anything beyond that would seriously affect England's ability to feed her people.

Consider what could be accomplished if the Axis should take in as pests just one insect, the Hessian fly. This creature, about one quarter the size of the ordinary house fly, is found wherever wheat is grown. It spends the Winter sucking to the scabble of wheat-seeds encased in a tough brown outer shell, resembling flaxseed and which protects it from cold as well as the coldest winters.

There are two times when the fly emerges from the flaxseed shell, one in the spring and one in the Fall both, unfortunately for it, at the maximum vulnerable to enemy nature. The flies emerge by thousands, mating and then beginning laying an average of 250 eggs. Two or three days after the eggs have been laid they hatch into maggots which suck the sap of the wheat and quickly destroy it. Having done this they go into the "flaxseed" stage thus completing their life cycle.

Once wheatfields are infested there is no known means of wiping them out but man has learned to reduce their destructiveness by delaying the sowing of the wheat so that it does not come up until after the flies have emerged and laid their eggs elsewhere.

It requires very little imagination to visualize what could be achieved with [illegible] germs carefully distributed [illegible] hours before the [illegible] open to a dose of the [illegible] cide which would [illegible] spaghetti even for [illegible] of the Italian army. Italy has [illegible] mobility than an [illegible] and Hitler might [illegible] if it should [illegible] doubtless divert [illegible] what needed in England to save the victims of Mussolini's folly.

ENGLAND raises about 60% of the [illegible] of wheat she needs. The [illegible] germs [illegible] the [illegible] Wheat [illegible] Russia [illegible] Ukraine [illegible] Russia [illegible] Professor Kostoff [illegible] Russian [illegible] Professor Kostoff [illegible] Wheat [illegible] Russia

WHEN A GIRL'S IN LOVE

(Continued from Page 11)

Vicki [illegible] wheedled favors from [illegible] Miles would [illegible].

She [illegible] Vicki's [illegible] that Sunday [illegible] strong, a little [illegible] with the [illegible] of her purpose.

Just what [illegible] Mrs. Geoffrey Lane [illegible] be [illegible] she had seen the [illegible] was Jeff's [illegible] and had appealed to her, if opportunity offered, to let Jeff go free. It [illegible] it [illegible] Miles would [illegible].

Rosemary [illegible] gloves [illegible] her [illegible].

[illegible] street [illegible] Jeff, he [illegible] eyes [illegible] told her [illegible] of [illegible] on in his eyes that had meant forever. Jeff was a gentleman and the code of gentlemen bound him [illegible].

The [illegible] hills and the [illegible] of Jersey [illegible] pattern of [illegible] saw [illegible] things for away [illegible].

Miles [illegible] appeared at their New York hotel very [illegible] to suggest [illegible] arrangement, if Rosemary had been alert enough to [illegible] that she was never [illegible] a chance to see [illegible] she began to wonder [illegible] third night of going to the [illegible] and then on to [illegible] place, if her mother [illegible] planning all this with [illegible] intent.

Miles was forty-six and had a great deal of money, and though he was not terribly brilliant and his conversation had a dull habit [illegible] to the stock market and stupid subjects that ordinarily drove Vicki wild, he was dependable and smooth and considerate. And Rosemary knew that her mother had been stung more than she would admit by the news of the Sergeant's engagement to Lorna Patrick.

Vicki, fiercely proud, had wanted to make the first break herself. Now she was devoting herself to Miles with an industry that left Rosemary more or less on the fringes of their awareness, and gave her no chance at all to appeal to Miles for aid.

But the opportunity came at last on a morning when Vicki decided to try a new Frenchman who did marvels with hair, but who declined stubbornly to come to the [illegible].

"I suppose I shall have to humor [illegible]," she said. "[illegible] you'd better come along. Rosemary, [illegible] have some one fix your eyebrows. They're quite [illegible] your hair."

"M[illegible]," Rosemary snatched at the [illegible] eagerly, "do you [illegible] if I don't go? I like my eyebrows, really and I can go and see about shoes."

But she did not see about shoes. She telephoned Miles instead, and begged him to meet her at a little tea shop but when he came, grinning a little and [illegible] her for going clandestine and mysterious, she did not rally to his mood.

"I'm using you, very frankly, Miles. You're the only person I know who can help me. Order something so the girl will go away, will you?"

"This has a very sinister sound," Miles said, "has our precious Vicki set her foot down grimly on the cash? How much do you need?"

"Oh, Miles, it isn't money! I wouldn't ask you for money. But it's something I can't talk to mother about. There's someone I want to meet—someone I must meet."

"Who is he? I may not be of much use. I don't know very many of the young blades around town."

"It's a woman. I think you do know her, Miles. I want to go to see Mrs. Geoffrey Lane."

Miles waited till the girl in the green silk apron had arranged the pastries and tea and the cup of black coffee he had ordered. When he spoke again his voice was sober.

"Rosemary, Vicki wouldn't like this. She told me something about that fellow. She thinks you ought to forget him."

"Miles," she asked, wistfully, "did you ever love someone—terribly? So deeply that it went into the very marrow of your bones and into your blood so that there was nothing left of you, nothing that was not changed and frozen—till it hurt? So terribly that you weren't even alive except for the part that hurts?"

"No," Miles was gentle and troubled because he was at heart a deeply kind person. "No, I never had that happen to me. Perhaps I missed something. I've wondered sometimes if I had."

"I love Jeff like that," Rosemary went on, stirring her tea round and round, abstractedly but not tasting it, "it sounds [illegible] To talk about it. Love ought not to be talked about. Any more than prayers or being honest or any of the fundamental things. It ought to be sacred and deep and fine. But my love can't just be because everything is so wrong, because she won't set Jeff free."

"Perhaps she loves him too?"

"I think of that all the time. But—it's hopeless for her. Jeff doesn't love her, he resents her, I suppose. He never talked to me about it, he only said that there were things he couldn't talk about. But when I knew about her it was all plain. She could make another life for herself—he never will go back to her. He told my father he was never going back."

"So—you want me to take you out there, is that it, Rosemary? You think that she might listen to you, when she won't listen to him?"

"I thought perhaps—if she knew what she was doing to us, to our lives, she isn't young any more and we're young—all our lives are ahead of us—"

"I don't think Lane can be young exactly. Remember he worked for me in Florida, eleven years ago. He was a grown man then—out of college."

"I'm not quite so young any more either, Miles, not any more. I feel as old as the Monument."

"You," said Miles, being fatherly, "haven't given yourself a chance. How do you know that there aren't a dozen young chaps around town, any one of whom could make you forget this Lane fellow and wonder what on earth you ever saw in him? I hate to see you getting grim over one man, at your age."

"You couldn't understand it, if you have never had it burned into your heart, Miles. When it happens—the real thing—other people simply don't exist. It sounds frightfully adolescent, I know. But it's true. You'll know, when it happens to you—until then you'll just have to believe me."

"So, I simply don't exist, for you?"

"Oh, Miles, please don't be absurd! You're like—" she floundered a little, breaking a tart to crumbs, scattering them on her plate.

"I know—dear old grandpa. So sympathetic with the young. It's all right—I don't mind. I see my waistline in the mirror. And you think you really want to go through with this thing?"

"Miles, I have to do something! And when I saw her the other night in Washington—she looked—tired, somehow—and quiet and kind. It came to me that she might listen to me. After all, she has nothing to lose—she lost it all so long ago. And she might be grateful for a graceful exit from a hopeless situation. She can't be happy—she must hate the feeling of frustration—it must do things to her pride. And she can't enjoy what she's doing to Jeff—nobody could be so grim as that. At any rate, I can try. If you won't help me—"

Miles drank his coffee in one swift gulp, folded the scrap of napkin and laid it beside the cup.

"I'll help you," he said, "because I know that if I refuse you you'll try it alone—and a wise old head might save you from an awkward situation. But I'm telling you frankly that I don't like it. I'd much rather take you out to my sister's place. She has a boy in Dartmouth and a girl about your age. There's always a young mob around."

"No, Miles, thank you."

"All right," he slid a coin under the cup and stood up. "I'll see what can be done. Of course you realize that we can hardly go out to Marian Lane's house and barge in. We'll have to finesse somehow."

"That," said Rosemary, smiling wanly, "is why I came to you."

"You're the Only Person I Know Who Can Help Me," Said Rosemary as Miles Met Her in the Tea Shop.

XXI

TWO days went by and Rosemary heard nothing from Miles. Vicki was inoculated with a shopping virus, and Rosemary was dragged feverishly from one smart shop to another. Vicki was dictatorial, when Rosemary voiced a feeble protest.

"My dear, I know what our Summer will be. It's all planned. This boat trip, and then a few weeks at the Reighard's ranch out from San Francisco—Jane Reighard answered my letter very cordially."

"Oh, mother, that's the thing I hate! Wangling and scheming and flattering people just to be invited somewhere!"

San Francisco! So far—so wearily far! Young men with blase looks and Vicki being too bright and gay and obvious—and so it would go on and on, month after month, year after year, till finally out of sheer boredom she married someone—anyone who had money and wasn't absolutely pockmarked would please her mother—anyone whose position was secure.

And then it would begin all over again, with her mother being triumphant and complacent and managing her son-in-law as she managed Haynes now, and Miles. Rosemary shut her eyes, sickened by the picture.

And then, while she was waiting for some word from Miles, David Patrick came again.

He came in the morning and announced that he was taking Rosemary to lunch. Vicki, who was still in, for a wonder, was cool and bristled a little, putting on her stiff dowager airs, and her frigid contralto, but David was unimpressed. And he did look well, all tailored up with his Viking breeziness and his audacious charm going.

Rosemary was definitely glad to see him. He belonged to the old life that she missed so much, he brought back the salty tang of the sea. She was adamant about going out with him, and in the end Vicki gave in, though not gracefully.

David had no news from Florida.

"Mother's a tramp about writing. She scribbles a line or two, now and then, but always about herself. She seems to be getting a little restless — complained about everything in general, and the weather in particular."

"She's talking about buying a car," David went on. "I advised her against it. She's entirely too irresponsible to be driving a car."

"That reminds me of my own car, sitting down there in the garage at home. I wish I had known you were coming, David, you could have driven it up for me. I hope Kehoe keeps paraffine on the metal—the salt haze is so hard on automobiles down there."

She would have the car sent up, she was thinking. She would escape then, to the country lanes and lonely places, get away for a little from the perfumed life that Vicki created so smotheringly around her.

DAVID did not speak about love again. Perhaps he read in Rosemary's abstraction how useless it would be, read in her shadowed eyes the futility of trying to bring her thoughts to a personal plane.

He talked of his own plans which were vague, and of the cotton situation which was definitely unencouraging, and the dessert had come and been taken away before Rosemary remembered to wonder what David was doing in New York.

But she would not ask for fear of bringing again that too ardent look into his eyes and the meaning cadences into his voice. He was there because she was there, she knew, but he was being gallant enough to respect her withdrawal, her mood of remoteness, but with it being clever enough to know that she was lonely and that his casual friendliness might do a little to push past the barrier she had set up against him.

She did like David just as she liked Miles—and Haynes Hillis perhaps. Though Haynes would not let her be a friend. He wanted everything or nothing. She wondered just how soon Haynes would appear in New York. Probably her mother knew already the date of his arrival, probably she had arranged it and was being cleverly quiet about it.

As though she herself were a young filly for sale, she thought, with some bitterness, as she walked back along the avenue with David.

"All the buyers walking around and cannily observing my points but not making any gestures for fear I might show the whites of my eyes and bolt."

David was staying on in town for a while, so he stated.

"I'll be seeing you often, then?" he asked, hopefully.

"I don't know. Mother's plans are made for some cruise or other just now, but she's quite abrupt about changing them." Rosemary kept the thought that Vicki might be even more abrupt if she thought that David Patrick was lingering in the offing. But she forgot David and Haynes when she got back to the apartment, for Miles was there.

(To Be Continued Next Week.)

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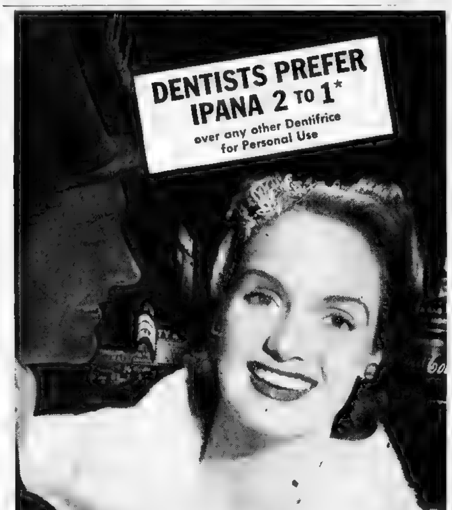
Coming Soon! "Fatal Gift," A Striking New Serial by Katharine Newlin Burt



Teeth are seldom Bright, Smiles lose Sparkle when Gums are Sensitive!

Give your gums, as well as teeth, the daily care they need for healthier firmness. Help guard against "Pink Tooth Brush"—with Ipana and Massage.

SMILES gain sparkle, teeth are brighter when gums are firm and healthy. Yet modern gums are often apt to be soft and sensitive—victims of today's soft foods. Robbed of vigorous chewing, they often signal their distress with that warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush.

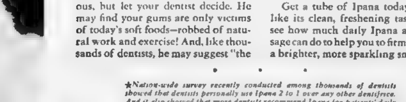
Never ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If you see "pink" on your brush ... *visit your dentist.* It may not be serious, but let your dentist decide. He may find your gums are only victims of today's soft foods—robbed of natural work and exercise! And, like thousands of dentists, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is specially designed to do two things: (1) Clean teeth to a brilliant, natural lustre. (2) Stimulate gums, help them to healthier firmness. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little Ipana onto your gums. That pleasant "tingle" means increased gum circulation, greater firmness for your gums.

Get a tube of Ipana today. You'll like its clean, freshening taste! And see how much daily Ipana and massage can do to help you to firmer gums, a brighter, more sparkling smile.

**Nation-wide survey recently conducted among thousands of dentists showed that dentists personally use Ipana 2 to 1 over any other dentifrice. And it also showed that more dentists recommend Ipana for patients' daily use than the next three dentifrices combined—paste, powder or liquid.*



IPANA TOOTH PASTE

CALLOUSES

BURNING or TENDERNESS on BOTTOM of your FEET

DOCTOR'S NEW QUICK RELIEF!

Get the New *Super-Soft* Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads if you have painful callouses, burning or tenderness on the bottom of your feet. Experience the quicker relief they give—the way they soothe, cushion, protect the sensitive area. New in design, texture. Heart shape 630% softer than before. Separate *Medications* included for removing callouses. Cost but a trifle. Sold everywhere. Insist on Dr. Scholl's!

NEW *Super-Soft* Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

YOU'LL ALWAYS BE CONSTIPATED UNLESS—

You correct faulty living habits—unless liver bile flows freely *every day* into your intestines to help digest fatty foods and guard against constipation.

SO USE COMMON SENSE! Drink more water, eat more fruit and vegetables. And if assistance is needed, take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. They not only assure *gentle* yet *thorough* bowel movements but ALSO stimulate liver bile to help digest fatty foods.

Olive Tablets, being *purely vegetable*, are wonderful! Used successfully for over 20 years by Dr. F. M. Edwards in treating patients for constipation and sluggish liver bile, today Olive Tablets are justly FIRST choice of thousands of grateful users. Test their goodness TONIGHT! 15¢, 30¢, 60¢. All druggists.

READERS who are not even scientifically minded find the easy-to-understand scientific articles in this and other issues of The American Weekly exceptionally interesting reading.

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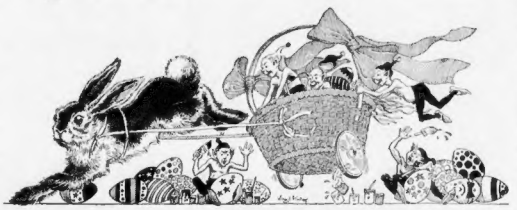
Putting Springtime into Your Menus

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.



TODAY is Easter Sunday. Apart from its religious significance, it ushers in the awakening Spring with its offerings of frocks, fabrics, flowers and foods. Like most of the important holidays, Easter is a blending of several traditions, both religious and pagan.

The earlier pagan festival, celebrated at the same season, was in honor of the Spring planting, the Spring fertility, and new birth in general.

Its traces remain in our inclusion of the Easter rabbit that lays eggs, of the chicks and their eggs, and the many vegetables as well as flowers so important this holiday. It is this note or theme-song of newness, freshness and gaiety which charms everyone, and the home-maker most of all.

Why? Because to her the past Winter may have meant fatiguing months of buying foods, preparing foods, and cooking hearty and generous dishes known as "substantial menus" to fortify her family for work or weather.

But, with Spring at hand, a change may be made to lighter-weight foods, to more gay or graceful dishes, to new foods, or to familiar foods used in "fresh" forms. Right now is the time to suit your menus to Spring.

Consider any typical dinner menu, and we see it begins with soup. Here is the first point at which the home-maker can wave a magic wand and effect a swift change—with no trouble at all; she can substitute cooling fruit or vegetable cocktails to lead-off meals on warmer days.

Lay away the heavy soup-kettle until next Fall; and instead save work and time by opening up a can of natural, unsweetened pineapple juice, for example, or canned carrot juice, or grapefruit juice alone or in one of its many pleasing combinations (try half grapefruit juice blended with half grapejuice, for a charming "two-tone" or parrot cocktail).

Consider the next course, that of meat with gravy, and a hot vegetable like potatoes, and also another green hot vegetable such as cabbage, turnips, peas or beans.

Now, what can the magic wand do here? First of all let's see, there could be a delicious vegetable-walnut loaf, made by chopping and blending vegetables, bread-crumbs and nuts, and baking as any usual roast; or, we could take eggs and make a foamy or other kind of omelet, or a lighter form of egg dish such as a souffle; or again, we can take canned salmon, with its rich fine food value (at extremely low cost, remember), combine it with crumbs and make it into a scalloped souffle or baked dish.

Or, if none of these seems just the thing, try a Spring type of pancake as the main dish. Use plenty of eggs in the batter, and make the pancakes as large as a plate or skillet. Then, when they're piping hot, roll them over sweet thick cream and sprinkle generously with chopped walnuts. Are they delectable! With two apiece to each person, and a fruit compote or sauce to follow, no more perfect menu for the mild evenings of Spring can be imagined.

Try rice for starch for a few weeks in the mild weather. Why? First, just for a change; second, because rice starch is lighter and easier to digest; and third, rice saves preparation time—just sprinkle a cupful into boiling water, and cook about 15 minutes.

Instead of that hot vegetable which was always found in the Winter menu, replace with a refreshing chill salad of greens, or green cooked vegetables tossed-up in a lemon dressing for added tang and piquancy. Not boiled cabbage, but shredded fresh new green cabbage; not hot creamed carrots, but grated or shredded raw carrots in a salad; not boiled and buttered beets, but cold beets scooped out into cups which may be stuffed with contrasting new green peas or similar vegetable.

And now for the breads—here, too, one may make a change, or include new varieties: As a change, try featuring buns, biscuits, rolls, or, best of all at the Spring of the year, rye wafers and bread sticks—both lighter, and less fattening.

Last come the desserts, and here what an opportunity opens to the creative home-maker! For the dessert is always the high point of any dinner, is it not? The last touch, or the final word and memory of what has gone before. As someone said of a speech, "What you most remember is the first sentence and the last." Something like that is true of a dinner, and we certainly rise from the table with the dessert as the "last word" which we recall.

Now, here are some ideas for new types of desserts, or familiar desserts served differently: (1) Cream cheese in its silver foil wrapping, flanked by fresh pears, nectarines or a row of whole strawberries with their hulls on, supported by a ring of freshly-toasted soda crackers. (2) One-layer white cake cut into large squares, frosted with fresh cocoanut, and with a marshmallow rabbit on top of each square. (3) Angel-cake ring filled with whipped cream and strawberries, cut into wedges. (4) Molds of canned cranberry sauce cut into egg shapes, accompanied by crackers and sweet cheese. (5) Eggs made of various-colored gelatins, shaped by molding in egg-shells (children love this and can make them.) (6) Rhubarb one-crust pie baked in a glass baking-dish, and eaten with a thick custard sauce.

When it comes to beverages, it's not too early to consider frosted coffee flip (iced coffee to you), hot vegetable beverages eaten in a cup, malted milks, and all kinds of fruit juices served chill and refreshing.

And one last trick—Spring is the right time to attempt to arrange foods more attractively, in case you haven't been in the habit of thinking of foods in terms of their eye-appeal. Radishes taste just as good when served as is, from the garden, but it doesn't take a minute to make radish "roses"—and what a note of gaiety they add to a Spring luncheon!

Determine to buy one of those vegetable-fluters or shredders or similar gadgets you see demonstrated in every good department store—the kind that make whorls of your cucumber, or festoons of your carrots, or washboard stripes from your boiled beets, and then see how gay and appetizing any vegetable becomes.

Suit your menus to Spring, and you'll enjoy more leisure—and you may lose pounds, too, in the process.

Meantime, here is a ready-reference, short-cut guide to several unusual Easter week recipes:

Easter Egg Cake: Use any sunshine or yellow butter cake mixture and bake in two layers. Put together with a creamy filling, using shredded pineapple; spread top and sides thickly with seven-minute frosting, tint shredded cocoanut with green coloring, rubbing evenly through the cocoanut to a pale green; arrange tinted cocoanut in small "nests" on top of cake, fill each with three jelly beans, and let a large candy rabbit stand on the top.

Easter Tea Cakes: Use any two-egg cake recipe and bake in muffin tins. Prepare delicate pastel frostings in rose, pistachio, etc. Spread thickly on top of cake and make initials of friends, using small seed or pearl silver candies. Arrange assorted cakes on lace paper doily, or top cakes with small candy "dove", rabbit, etc.

Rhubarb Deep Dish Pies: Use large glass bakingware custard cups. Fill with cooked and sweetened rhubarb and sprinkle lightly with cinnamon. Cover with pastry and make slits in top, pressing pastry tight to moistened sides; brush top with cream. Bake in hot oven, or at about 400 degrees. Serve separately with soft custard.

Gelatin Easter Eggs: Make hides in the bottom of 12 eggs, and remove mixed yolk and white. Rinse shells in cold water. Prepare quick-setting flavored gelatin in several flavors, cherry-red, orange-yellow, etc. Place eggs on end in egg-carton and, by means of small funnel, fill with gelatin. Chill overnight in refrigerator. Remove shells carefully. Place eggs on beds of shredded lettuce, etc., or serve in "nests" of whipped cream.

Almanack Hints

HAVE you a time or money-saving hint to pass on to other Almanackers? Such ideas are worth sharing with other readers, and the Almanack wants to print them—the more the merrier. For each such hint sent in and used in this department we will pay $1. You may send in as many as you want. Hints not used cannot be returned. Please keep them short and to the point and address: ALMANACK HINTS EDITOR, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York.

HAM

When you boil a ham, whole or half, and want to slice nicely without dropping to pieces, remove from hot liquid when done and drop in vessel of cold water, sufficient to cover. Let stand until cold. You will find your ham firm and easy to slice, and moist.

Mrs. F. Jensen,
Seattle, Wash.

* * *

PIE

When you've finished paring your apples for an apple pie, try pouring cooking sherry over them, before adding your sugar and cinnamon; it helps give a nice flavor to your finished pie.

Mrs. E. Stevens,
Carlstadt, N. J.

* * *

BUTTONHOLES

In making bound buttonholes, I draw the size desired, spacing them evenly, on tissue paper with the aid of a ruler. Baste this strip of tissue into position together with the base material and material to be used for binding. Then sew each buttonhole on lines drawn, and then tear off tissue leaving buttonholes to be cut and finished. This saves a lot of time and insures buttonholes being all the same size and distance apart.

Mrs. B. D. Manchester,
Detroit, Michigan.

* * *

TOAST

When making French toast, dip bread as usual in egg batter, then in dry fine cracker or bread crumbs and fry as usual. Different and delicious.

Mrs. Hattie Brown,
Syracuse, N. Y.

* * *

EGGS

When frying eggs use fried meat grease and your eggs will not stick to vessel.

Mrs. F. W. Salter,
Bainbridge, Georgia.

PANCAKES

Here is a short cut if the family goes for potato pancakes. Pare and grate raw potatoes. I use the fine shredder part of the grater, then add salt and one whole egg, stir in well, spread all of potatoes in greased iron frying pan, make an opening in middle so it will fry crisp on bottom. When browned loosen with spatula, put plate bottom side up on fry pan and turn over on plate, then put back to brown other side. This tastes just like potato pancakes, but it saves standing and frying each pancake.

Mrs. H. Madsen,
Racine, Wisconsin.

* * *

KNITTING

When knitting, I use pipe cleaners for stitch holders. The wire in the cleaner helps to get the stitches on and the fabric around it keeps them from slipping off. To insure the stitches staying on, I turn back the ends. The cleaners are inexpensive and can be obtained in different colors.

Miss Helen J. Vlahakos,
Saco, Maine.

* * *

VINEGAR

Add three tablespoons of vinegar to the water in which frankfurters are cooked, and you will find that the flavor is much improved, and the skins are more tender.

Mrs. John C. Larmore,
La Crescenta, California.

* * *

CORDUROY

I believe this is something every woman will appreciate knowing. In ironing corduroy pants, etc., I use a damp wash cloth and put the hot iron on just long enough for the crease to stay, never ironing until real dry. It is the best way I know to make corduroy clothes look nice.

Mrs. Velva Holt,
Glendale, California.

* * *

COMBINATION

When making meat loaf, add a can of drained mixed vegetables. This makes the meat loaf go much farther and also serves as a meal in one.

Mrs. John Kelly,
Ponca City, Okla.

Travel Deluxe—with the Nash Convertible Bed.

ASK THE MAN WHO'S CHANGED TO NASH

"Just finished 9,897 miles of coast-to-coast driving, averaging 25.9 miles per gallon. Best riding car I ever owned. Convertible bed saved us lodging costs." J. H. P., *Pawtucket, R. I.*

"I've owned several low-price cars and always thought I got my money's worth. But I think differently—now that I bought a Nash. Just no comparison in economy or comfort! 'Conditioned Air System' alone worth price of car. I've averaged over 30 miles a gallon."
M. S., *Waukegan, Ill.*

"I broke in' my new Nash on a Chicago trip in a blizzard—averaging 27 miles a gallon; and, thanks to Conditioned Air, really enjoyed it. Doing 24 MPG in city. Pleased? That's putting it mildly!" N. M., *St. Louis*

"Just finished my first 918 miles at a total cost of $5.70."

"I've owned five cars, and never experienced the satisfaction with any of them that I feel about my new Nash. I drive 90 miles every working day, and average 26.7 miles a gallon. Your Conditioned Air System is wonderful!"
G. R., *Baldwin, N. Y.*

NASH MODELS STARTING AT $710
Delivered at Factory

*$745 BUYS this big 6-passenger Slipstream Sedan illustrated, delivered at factory, including standard equipment and federal tax. The White Side Wall Tires, Weather Eye, Deluxe Bumper Guards, Two-tone Paint and Convertible Bed are optional equipments, at slight extra cost. Prices subject to change without notice.

No wonder Nash sales are increasing Faster than any other car in the Lowest-price field!

YOU'RE looking at the car that has scored the biggest upset in the 1941 low-price field . . . the car that's winning thousands of new buyers to Nash every week!

Just look at this big Nash sedan! Can you imagine a car this big and luxurious getting up to 30 miles on a gallon of gas?

Yet that's only one of the reasons why thousands have bought this Nash after only five minutes behind the wheel!

It's a New Kind of Car!

They're hailing this as the *first* low-price car that actually has the much-promised comfort of a *higher-priced* automobile.

Soft coil springs . . . not only on two . . . but on *all four wheels* for the smoothest kind of ride a car can give you.

They're hailing its new Two-way Roller Steering for its entirely new feeling of safety . . . for its amazing "roadability" on curves, in traffic—its ease in parking.

Thousands of safety-minded citizens have changed to Nash for its modern body construction—built on aircraft principles, with frame and body welded into a single sturdy, twist-proof unit of amazing durability.

They're changing to Nash for its Conditioned Air comfort and exclusive Weather Eye . . . for freedom from cold-weather driving, bugs and dust. They're taking more trips, and saving money, with the Convertible Bed.

Ask any Nash owner. He will tell you here's a car so new . . . so far ahead—it can't be compared in any respect with low-price automobiles of the past.

Take a tip from the thousands on thousands who are changing to this new kind of car. *Don't buy any low-price car until you see and drive this thrilling new Nash.*

Call on your Nash dealer today and see how much more this new Nash gives you in luxury, comfort, safety and savings!

Go NASH
AND SAVE MONEY EVERY MILE

Make Full Quart Fine LIQUID SHAMPOO AT HOME for 10¢

Cut one bar of Sayman Vegetable Wonder Soap into thin slivers. Dissolve in a quart of lukewarm water. This gives you a full quart of fine liquid shampoo that will thoroughly cleanse your hair and scalp of loose dandruff, dirt, grease and grime. It rinses out so easily and so completely that you don't need any vinegar or lemon rinse to bring out all the glorious sparkle and sheen of your hair. But be sure to get Sayman's Vegetable Wonder Soap, the soap made from pure vegetable oil and extract of soap root—for toilet, bath, Baby's tender skin. At drug, grocery, department and variety stores.

SPECIAL OFFER: Mail 25¢ COIN and wrapper from Sayman Soap to Sayman, 2101 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo., and we will send you a pair of lovely sheer silk stockings in newest shade of Bali beige, FIRST name, address and stocking size on wrapper from Sayman's Vegetable Wonder Soap. For each pair you want, send one Sayman wrapper and 25¢ COIN. NO LIMIT.

SAYMAN'S Vegetable Wonder SOAP

DON'T ASK FOR A POWDER PUFF

Ask For JUVA-TEX

AUTOMATIC COMPACT

Thrilling-Different! HOLDS 10¢ Day Supply, and Can't Spill Powder in Your Bag! Automatic-acting Powder on Weatherbird Shield

Just turn with soft-smooth feel of JUVA-TEX—the only lighted Foam powder compact. You'll like it's exclusive dainty ways and you'll thrill to the miracle sifting and smoothing action of your favorite powder through millions of fine Foam pores. Refills cost little or no. When not in use cell's are self-closing preventing powder waste or drain. Millions sold at 25c. Now the finer JUVA-TEX today at leading drug, dept. store, chain store or send 25c to mfr.

Chas. E. Zimmerman, 412-420 Orleans St., Chicago

JUST TOO FRECKLED

Freckles may be cute . . . on children! But when they mar YOUR complexion beauty . . . when they come too fast and too many . . . use Othine to bleach them long. It often fades them away completely for a time. Easy to use, too. Just apply this dainty cream according to directions, before retiring. Try this 30 year-old product; money back if not satisfied. At your drug counter.

OTHINE Jace Bleach

"Naow — She's a Changed Woman, by Gravy"

Boston, April 13th— From the land of the Baked Bean and Salted Cod comes the story of a long-suffering husband who was about to turn vegetarian just because he was plumb disgusted with the greasy, tasteless, pasty-complexioned gravies his wife made. But the Mrs. discovered Gravy Master in the nick of time, and now roast beef, lamb, veal, pork and chicken are all back on the menu.

If you want gravies, soups and stews that not only look appetizing, but taste even more so, just try stirring in one teaspoonful of this new, economical vegetable - juice product. Gravy Master is approved by Good Housekeeping and the regular bottle costs only 15¢ at your grocer's.—Advt.

Your Hidden Beauty

revealed by using Mercolized Wax Cream

A simple way to remove the dull, drabness of your complexion and reveal the lighter, lovelier skin tones. Just use Mercolized Wax Cream as directed. Its active ingredients help to flake off the older, darkened surface skin in minute, almost invisible particles, revealing a fairer, fresher, underskin. Presto Astringent tightens loose surface skin. Gives a delightful sense of freshness. Reduces excess surface oil. Dissolve a bayolite astringent in one-half pint witch hazel and use daily, morning or evening. Tetrox Beauty Mask—Try this cooling, soothing and refreshing facial. We believe you will like it.

Vegetable soup in handy dry form . . . rich . . . delicious . . . cooks in 30 minutes . . . and you need no soupbone

Makes 2 qts. 10¢

KA SOUP-ER-MIX

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Greatest Circulation in the World

HOUSEWIFE'S FOOD ALMANACK

7 Timely Pancake Recipes

FLANNEL CAKES

"I AM sending you a very old recipe that has never been in print before," writes Mrs. Mary M. Jens, Racine, Wisconsin. "It is always good, although especially right now.

1½ cups white flour
½ cup wholewheat flour
1 level teaspoon salt
1 level teaspoon soda
1 level teaspoon baking powder
1 tablespoon butter, melted
1 teaspoon sugar
1 egg
2 cups sour milk or buttermilk (about)

"Mix together all dry ingredients, add the sour milk (more if needed) to make a smooth batter. Cook on hot griddle with butter or any kind of fat until a golden brown. Serve with maple syrup or any kind of fruit syrup.

"Cornmeal or buckwheat flour may be used instead of the wholewheat to make corn cakes or buckwheat cakes.

"To make golden-brown pie crust, use milk in place of water to mix the dough."

* * *

THIN PANCAKES (For a Family of Three),

"THIS recipe, I believe, originated with my grandmother, a pioneer of Dodge County, Nebraska," writes Mrs. Claude Wilson, Shelton, Nebraska.

2 eggs
Pinch of salt
1½ cups flour
1 pint of sweet milk

"Beat eggs well, add salt and ½ the milk; beat the flour into this mixture, and when smooth add the remainder of milk, beating until smooth. Have griddle hot and well greased. Put on 3 tablespoons of batter spreading into one thin pancake. In just a moment it will be ready to turn, and do this by slipping the turner under center of pancake. Heap in layers on a plate. Try them for a new and pleasing high tin pancake goodness."

* * *

ONION PANCAKES

"EVERYONE who has tasted these pancakes has always asked for the recipe," writes Mrs. Louie Erdrich, Little Falls, Minn. "The only thing is we do not have them so often when company comes for I just can't make enough of them to satisfy everyone. I hope you try it and I am sure you will like them.

3 egg yolks, beaten well
1 teaspoon salt
3 cups milk
3 cups flour
3 egg whites, beaten stiff
2 medium sized onions, chopped very fine

"Beat the yolks, add salt. Add flour and milk alternately. Fold in egg whites and onions. Fry in skillet like any other pancakes."

* * *

PEA PANCAKES

"HERE is a recipe which has been in my family for years, and I believe your readers will enjoy it as much as we do," writes Mrs. Fred Myers, San Francisco, Calif.

3 cups green peas
2 eggs
1 cup milk
¼ teaspoon soda
½ teaspoon cream of tartar
½ cup flour
Salt and pepper

"Cook the peas and mash while hot; season with salt and pepper; make a batter of two well beaten eggs, 1 cup milk, ¼ teaspoon soda, ½ teaspoon cream of tartar, and ½ cup flour. Stir cold peas into this batter, beat hard, and cook like griddle cakes."

* * *

OLD PLANTATION

"HERE is a recipe that my old Mammy used to call 'Stay-Wid-yo' pancakes," writes Mrs. Lena E. Lipscomb, Nashville, Tenn. "They have more body than the ordinary cakes and are always enjoyed by my family for breakfast or for lunch. They are especially appetizing for lunch when served with sausage, country ham or fried chicken.

1 cup bread crumbs (Stale bread best)
2 cups thin sour cream or buttermilk
1 egg
3 tablespoons melted butter
1 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sugar
Flour to make thin batter

"Soak bread crumbs in cream or milk until very soft. Add egg, well beaten, salt, sugar, melted butter. Add just enough flour to the mixture to make thin batter. Drop from spoon on hot griddle and turn when brown. Serve with honey, syrup, or preserves."

* * *

ENGLISH PANCAKES

"WHY not plan to have pancakes for supper, the English way," writes Mrs. Howard E. Elliott, Baltimore, Md. "Made paper thin—in a 9-inch frying pan—sprinkled with powdered sugar and lemon juice—rolled like a jelly roll—served piping hot—right out of the pan. Really, they are food fit for the gods. This is the recipe:

2 eggs (beaten)
1 tablespoon sugar
1 teaspoon salt
2 cups scalded milk
1½ cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
4 tablespoons melted shortening

"Beat eggs, add sugar, salt and milk—also melted shortening. When cool, sift in flour (which has been sifted once before measuring) and baking powder. Beat until smooth—heat 9-inch frying pan or griddle—grease lightly with pastry brush, dipped in melted shortening—pour in about 4 tablespoons batter at a time. Turn with a cake turner. When under side is a light brown, lift edge up gently to see. Sprinkle with sugar and lemon juice. Roll. We always have lemon cut in quarters on the table. The family fix the pancakes to suit their own taste."

* * *

GRAHAM PANCAKES

"MY FAMILY, like many others, I suspect, is very fond of pancakes," writes Mrs. L. E. Elliott, Los Vegas, Nevada. "Here is a new twist to the usual kind, that I recently developed. I hope you'll like them:

1 cup white flour
½ cup graham flour
1½ teaspoons baking powder
1 egg (beaten)
⅔ cup milk
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon soda
2 tablespoons molasses
3 tablespoons melted shortening

"Mix and bake in the usual way. If thinner cakes are desired, more milk. I believe this is a matter of taste. These cakes seem lighter than the ordinary kind, and have a delicious flavor."

SLOVENSKY SISKY

AN OLD WORLD RAISED DOUGHNUT RECIPE

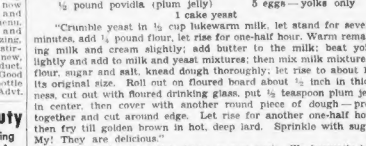
"THIS recipe has been in our home for many, many years," writes Mrs. A. Johanik, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. "In the Almanack some weeks ago I saw the recipe for Bohemian Sisky, and I thought people might be interested in our Slovegsky Sisky. Here it is:

3 tablespoons butter
1 teaspoon salt
2¼ to 2½ pounds flour (sifted)
½ pound povidla (plum jelly)
1 cup sweet cream
3 cups milk
3 tablespoons sugar
5 eggs—yolks only
1 cake yeast

"Crumble yeast in ½ cup lukewarm milk, let stand for several minutes, add ¼ pound flour, let rise for one-half hour. Warm remaining milk and cream slightly; add butter to the milk; beat yolks lightly and add to milk and yeast mixture; then mix milk mixture to flour, sugar and salt, knead dough thoroughly; let rise to about 1½ its original size. Roll out on floured board about ½ inch in thickness, cut out with floured drinking glass, put ½ teaspoon plum jelly in center, then cover with another round piece of dough—press together and cut around edge. Let rise for another one-half hour, then fry till golden brown in hot, deep lard. Sprinkle with sugar. My! They are delicious."

(Mrs. Johanik, your recipe pleases us very much. We frequently have requests for Old World recipes like this one. We followed your directions carefully and the results seemed to be perfect. We asked one charming old lady to sample your Slovensky Sisky for us and she said they are like the delicious things her mother used to serve in Europe more than sixty years ago.—Mary Lee Swann.)

In the 15th Century Dutch Gentlemen Removed Their Own and Their Wives' Shoes Before Sitting Down to Table. They Believed This Aided Digestion.



MACARONI SALAD

WEST VIRGINIA COOKS ARE PROUD OF IT

"THIS recipe is a favorite of my husband's family," writes Mrs. Charlotte McNew, Washington, D. C. "It seems to be a West Virginia special. I have never liked macaroni in any form until I was introduced to this salad and now it's also a favorite with me.

8 ounce package elbow macaroni
2 quarts boiling salted water
2 tablespoons butter
4 tablespoons mayonnaise
1 green pepper
1 small onion
1 stalk celery
1 teaspoon salt

"Cook macaroni in the rapidly boiling, salted water for ten minutes. Drain, rinse and add the butter. Put aside to cool. Chop (very fine) the onion, pepper and celery. Add to the cooled macaroni. Stir in the mayonnaise to which the salt has been added. Mix thoroughly and chill."

(Mrs. McNew, we're mighty glad to get this fine recipe. Almanackers who are fond of macaroni will be delighted with this way of serving it.—Mary Lee Swann).

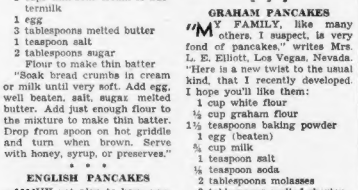
YOUR RECIPE MAY WIN $5

The American Weekly will pay $5 for each recipe sent in by readers and used on this page, all publication rights thereafter belonging to The American Weekly. Any kind of recipe may be submitted, the only restriction being that it must be original. In other words, it must not have appeared anywhere in print before. Do not send in any recipe which has appeared in any publication, or in any kind of printed cook book.

Write on one side of the paper only. Be sure to give your name and address. And write, or print plainly.

Send your recipe to The American Weekly Housewife's Food Almanack, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York, N. Y. Unused recipes cannot be returned.

Note: The Winner of a $5 Prize Is in No Way Disqualified From Winning Another. If Your Recipe Has Been Published in the Almanack But You Have Another Equally as Good, Send It In.



BOILED TONGUE

TRY IT WITH THIS EXCELLENT SAUCE

"I AM sending my own recipe for boiled tongue. Many friends have requested it and found it useful," writes Mrs. Rebecca Reeves, Corpus Christi, Texas.

"Cover a large tongue with about two quarts of water. Add ½ cup vinegar, 2 tablespoons sugar, a large clove garlic (chopped), a bay leaf and a teaspoon of cumin seed. Boil until very tender. Allow to cool, then peel.

"An attractive hot weather dish may be made by slicing it, garnish a platter with crisp lettuce leaves, then arranging slices lengthwise.

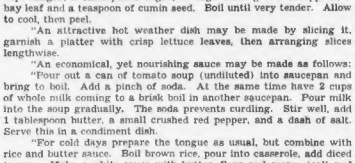
"An economical, yet nourishing sauce may be made as follows:

"Pour out a can of tomato soup (undiluted) into saucepan and bring to boil. Add a pinch of soda. At the same time have 2 cups of whole milk coming to a brisk boil in another saucepan. Pour milk into the soup gradually. The soda prevents curdling. Stir well, add 1 tablespoon butter, a small crushed red pepper, and a dash of salt. Serve this in a condiment dish.

"For cold days prepare the tongue as usual, but combine with rice and butter sauce. Boil brown rice, pour into casserole, add diced tongue. Make a white sauce with butter, flour and cream (salt and pepper), pour over rice and tongue."

(Mrs. Reeves, this is a very nice way to serve boiled tongue. Especially when garnished with paprika and grated cheese sprinkled on it.—Mary Lee Swann).

From 1810 to 1820 Economical Recipes Were Very Popular in America. Originated by Mrs. Stephen Decatur, They Were Known as "Half-Pay Recipes."



POT ROASTED STRING BEANS

A TASTY VARIATION IN THE SWISS MANNER

"EVERYONE likes new ways with string beans, one of our most popular vegetables. Be sure to double recipe, they are so good," writes Margie Dietz, Flushing, N. Y.

"Snip ends of 1 quart of long string beans, soak in water until needed. Melt 2 heaping tablespoons butter in a Dutch oven or drip roaster. Chop small onion, add to butter and cook about five minutes but do not brown. Shake beans from water and add to butter. Cover tightly and turn gas low. Cook about one hour, until brown and tender. Be careful beans do not burn. Add a little water if necessary. You will love the nut-like flavor."

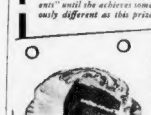
(Mrs. Dietz, this is a pleasantly different way to prepare string beans as we discovered when we tried your prize-winning recipe in the Test Kitchen.—Mary Lee Swann).

A PRIZE WINNER!

Mrs. Paul Cook's wonderful Chocolate Chip Cake

Mrs. Cook has hands that love to do things! Give her a needle and a bit of cloth or fur and she'll end up with a smart new hat. Hand her a recipe and she'll start "jiggling ingredients" until the achieves something at deliciously different as this prizewinning cake.

CHOCOLATE CHIP CAKE



To duplicate the prize-winning results with this recipe you must use Royal Baking Powder as Mrs. Cook did. Its action is different than others and to help get delicious prize-worthy cakes every time you bake, rely on Royal—the steady action baking powder, made with wholesome Cream of Tartar.

½ cup shortening
1½ cups sugar
3 eggs
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
2½ cups cake flour
2½ teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup milk
3 squares unsweetened chocolate, grated

Cream shortening; add sugar slowly, beating in well. Add well-beaten egg yolks and beat until well blended. Add vanilla. Sift together dry ingredients and add alternately with milk to first mixture. Mix in grated chocolate and add stiffly beaten egg whites, mixing thoroughly. Bake in 2 greased nine-inch layer cake pans in moderate oven at 375° F. about 25 minutes. Cool. Put layers together and cover top and sides with Sea Foam Frosting. Makes 1 two-layer cake.

SEA FOAM FROSTING

¼ cup light brown sugar
1 cup granulated sugar
½ cup water
2 tablespoons strong coffee
¼ teaspoon cream of tartar
whites of 2 eggs
½ teaspoon Royal Baking Powder

Boil sugar, water, coffee and cream of tartar without stirring until syrup spins a long thread at 248° F. Remove from fire; beat egg whites until stiff. Add syrup very slowly to egg whites, beating continually; add salt. Beat until thick; add baking powder and continue to beat until thick enough to spread on cake without running.

DO IT THE PRIZE-WINNING WAY!

Follow recipe carefully, using level measurements! Oven temperature is important, and above all—remember the important part baking powder plays in cake results. *Steady action* baking powder, like Royal, begins expansion the *moment* it is stirred into the batter. Royal cakes have a fine, *even* texture . . . do not dry out quickly . . . keep their delicious flavor and moisture longer. For four generations outstanding cooks have relied on dependable Royal for all their baking. They *know* what Royal could do. Why not follow their example to help you get delicious prize-winning results, every time!

THIS IS IMPORTANT TO YOU:

Royal is the only nationally distributed baking powder made with Cream of Tartar—a product of fresh, wholesome grapes. Pure Cream of Tartar makes Royal cost more per can—but the difference *per baking* between Royal and ordinary baking powders is only a *fraction of a cent*. Use dependable Royal whenever you bake—it's well worth the difference in price.

FREE: COOK BOOK OFFER. If you bake at home you'll want a copy of the Royal Cook Book which tells how to make delicious cakes, biscuits, muffins, pies, puddings and main dishes. Send your name and address to Royal Baking Powder, 691 Washington St., New York City, Dept. AW-6

Great Queens of Egypt...

WHO HAVE GOTTEN LOST!

EVERY vestige of the reign of several ladies who ruled ancient Egypt is hidden . . . somewhere . . . in tombs buried for centuries by the sands of the desert and the floods of the Nile. The search for these vanished queens has lured many historians to Egypt.

The Importance of Recent Excavations

Scientists have just uncovered a tomb at Sakkara, ancient burial ground of Memphis, the first capital of United Egypt, that holds the key to the riddle of the missing queens. Genevieve Taboulis, distinguished archeologist, tells of the great discovery in the forthcoming issue of *The American Weekly*. Don't miss it!

Revealing a Mystery as Baffling as the Riddle of the Sphinx!

Be Sure to Read This Unusual Article in Next Week's issue of

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Greatest Circulation in the World

America's most interesting Weekly Magazine

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY, in this and other issues, offers true and intimate revelations of the loves, romances and tragedies of real people, in high places and low . . . absorbingly interesting features that are all the more impressive because they are disclosures of real, actual happenings . . . unusual details about incredible facts—all of them authentic!

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Almanack Echoes

Springtime—and Grandpa's Dandelion Salad

Dear Almanack:

For an excellent spring salad, try this. Procure about a quart of very fresh tender dandelions. Carefully remove the roots and stale leaves. Next, thoroughly wash in three changes of fresh water, then thoroughly drain on a cloth or wire basket and place in a salad bowl. Finally season with about 4 or 5 tablespoons dandelion dressing made as follows:

Salad Dressing.

Have in a cold soup plate a level teaspoon oriental curry powder, ½ teaspoon best French mustard, a pinch of English ground mustard, a pinch of cayenne pepper, 1 teaspoon finely chopped and thoroughly washed and drained fresh parsley, ½ teaspoon finely chopped, sound fresh chives, 2 medium, very sound, freshly peeled and finely chopped shallots, ½ of 1 peeled garlic kernel finely crushed, 4 teaspoons salt and 1 light teaspoon of very fresh finely ground white pepper, the rind of a quarter of a lemon finely chopped.

Mix all the ingredients well together with a fork, then add tablespoon olive oil and with a fork sharply mash the whole until almost to a pulp, gradually add 4 tablespoons good white wine vegetar, briskly mix again, then transfer the whole into a vessel, add oil and vinegar—two-thirds oil to one-third vinegar—to make up 1 quart in all; thoroughly mix again, and then press through a strainer into a glass or stone jar and use as desired and required, being always careful to sharply shake the dressing before pouring it over the salad. This dressing should always be kept in a cold place and covered.

Mrs. James J. Jeanesville,
New York City.

(Mrs. Jeanesville, we are indebted to you for this excellent salad and dressing. The latter is well worth the extra time to make and of course it may be kept as per your directions.—Mary Lee Swann.)

Remember These Buttermilk Biscuits?

Dear Almanack:

Several weeks ago you very pleasingly endorsed my Southern Buttermilk Biscuit recipe, which was in The American Weekly over a year ago. Your recognized authority as a food expert has been well demonstrated to me by the number of letters I have received from twenty-six States of the Union. At present I have twenty-one to reply to requesting the recipe. This certainly lauds your authority on cooking as the letters stated that you recommended recipe. It is indeed a task to copy this recipe, when my time is so taken up with other duties upon which my family depend for their support. With these existing conditions may I not impose upon your kindness and consideration in the following unusual request. For those that desire the recipe and as letters are as yet coming in, and no doubt others will come, may I not be favored with the publication of the recipe in a near future issue of The American Weekly? I know this is an unusual request, but I do so wish that those who have not had recipe may have same, as I considered the recipe an exceptional one when first sent to you and it seems to grow in favor more and more. From Seattle, Washington to Maine letters have come to me, expressing the wonderful biscuits they bake. I repeat the recipe again for your publication as follows:

2 cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
½ cup shortening
¾ cup buttermilk
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon soda

Sift flour, salt, soda, and baking powder together. Cut in shortening until mixture resembles coarse meal. Make a depression in the center of the dry ingredients and add milk; mix lightly with fork to make soft dough. Toss and knead dough on floured board until smooth (about 30 seconds). Roll out dough one-half inch thick, cut with floured biscuit cutter, then place on baking sheet or pan and bake in hot oven, 450 degrees Fahrenheit for about 12 minutes. Serve warm with butter. This will make about 18 small biscuits.

Rev. Clyde W. Ehrhardt, Ph.D.,
Murfreesboro, Tennessee.

(Our apologies, Dr. Ehrhardt, for the number of requests for your now famous recipe which you received from Almanackers throughout the country. We might well paraphrase the old adage about the man who built a better mousetrap and say that the cook who discovers a better recipe has the world make a beaten track to his door.

(Of course the mousetrap man probably made a profit in selling more of his devices whereas your only reward, Dr. Ehrhardt, is the knowledge that in homes throughout the country, your Southern Buttermilk Biscuits are being made by housewives who, though they may be thousands of miles from you, are grateful for your neighborly cooperation.

(As you suggested in your letter, we are repeating your recipe here.—The Editor.)

SEVERE CASES
OF ITCHY, BLOTCHY
SKIN IRRITATIONS
(externally caused)

Doctor's Amazing *Liquid* Gives Prompt Relief

30 YRS. CONTINUOUS SUCCESS!

When tormented by intense, itching soreness from annoying skin irritations—you want the quickest, most effective relief possible. Just try wonderfully soothing *Extra-Strength* ZEMO to relieve your distress—

Zemo contains 10 "special" ingredients—it actually aids healing. Apply night and morning. Soon your discomfort should disappear! Most convenient because it's a greaseless, stainless *liquid*. Doesn't show on skin.

zemo
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

Now Amazing Proved Hygienic Protection for Married Women

Thousands upon thousands of women have now learned to use a sensational, scientific discovery for hygienic purposes. This boon to womankind is not a poison, yet actually kills germs on contact. It is called Zonite, and its action is amazing when used in a douche. It instantly kills germs and checks them on contact. Yet it is one douche proved safe—will not harm delicate tissues. And Zonite deodorizes—assures daintiness. Helps keep one fresh, clean and pure. So successful has Zonite been that over 20,000,000 bottles have already been used. Get Zonite from your druggist today. It's surprisingly easy and economical to use. Ideal for feminine hygiene. Follow the simple directions and enjoy proved hygienic protection that you may never have known before.

"SEA MOSS" PUDDING

Dear Almanack:

I had the good fortune to live during the "Gay Nineties" as a little girl, and believe many of that period's good ideas and customs are still valuable.

In those days when a neighbor was sick, almost invariably he was presented with a pretty glass dish of "Sea Moss" Pudding. Its slightly salty flavor and smooth consistency was tempting indeed and its iodine content extremely healthful.

To make it (and it can be done today) one went to the drug store and procured dried Irish sea moss. This was washed in several waters to rid it of sand and a large handful put in a quart of cold milk which was slowly brought to a boil then pushed back and allowed to simmer till milk was thick as whipping cream. Then the moss was strained out and pudding chilled thoroughly. Some people flavored with a little sugar and lemon juice, but that takes away the salty tang. It is a delicious dessert for any time especially for children.

The sea moss can also be bought in powdered form at large drug stores.

Mrs. Elinor Lynch,
Seattle, Washington.

(Mrs. Lynch, this is a very interesting old recipe which we are glad to add to our files.—Mary Lee Swann.)

BRIDE'S COOKING

Dear Almanack:

I'm not writing in order to send a recipe, but just to let you know how really thankful I am for all the grand ones other readers send. You see, I'm one of those brides I've seen you mention, and while I'm hoping to grow up to giving hints and recipes to others, I'm just in the "practising" stage right now. So please know, from a beginner's viewpoint, how much your ideas do mean to others!

Mrs. R. N. Lancaster,
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

(Thank you for your letter, Mrs. Lancaster. We hope the Almanack will prove helpful for many years to come.—Mary Lee Swann.)

LEFTOVER HIT

Dear Almanack:

Today I hit on a find which I would like to pass on. From last evening's meal I had on hand a few weiners, mashed potatoes, peas and pimientos. So I cut the weiners in half, wrapped the mashed potatoes around each half, dipped them in egg and fine bread crumbs, and fried them in deep fat. Then I made a cream sauce and added the cut up pimientos and peas. I put the weiners on a platter and poured the creamed peas over them. I can't tell you what a hit they made with the family. And all from leftovers.

Mrs. H. L. Solo,
Hornell, N. Y.

(Mrs. Solo we're printing your ingenious suggestion for using leftover weiners. We're also glad that you found the Polish doughnut recipe so good.—Mary Lee Swann.)

POMANDERS AGAIN

Dear Almanack:

I read that some lady had made a pomander out of an orange. I made one last year out of an orange and my daughter made one out of an apple so I decided I would try a lemon and it is just as nice as the orange or apple and seems to give a more spicy odor than the orange or apple. Next summer I am going to try to make one out of a plum.

Mrs. E. Hutcherson,
Cottonwood, Arizona.

(Mrs. Hutcherson, the pomander recipes which have appeared here from time to time seem to have aroused a good deal of interest. Your own suggestion is very welcome.—Mary Lee Swann.)

FOR all letters printed in this column The American Weekly will pay $1. A prize winning recipe is awarded $5, the same as on the Almanack page. Be sure to write your name and address plainly and use one side of the paper only.

The shorter the letters the better. None should be more than 200 words. Address them to The American Weekly Housewife's Food Almanack, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York City.

Appetizing Menus for the Week by Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Prunes, Cereal, French Toast, Bacon, Marmalade, Milk or Coffee. *Luncheon* Cabbage, Raw Carrot, Diced Apple and Lettuce Salad, Chiffonade Dressing, Cream Cheese Sandwiches, Cocoa. *Dinner* Fruit Juice Cocktail, Roast Lamb, Mint Grape Sauce, Buttered Squash, Green Peas, Radish Salad, French Dressing, Snow Logan-berry Puffs.	*Breakfast* Bananas with Orange Juice, Whole Grain Cereal, Coddled Eggs, Melba Toast, Coffee. *Luncheon* Spaghetti Casserole, Beets in Orange Juice or Harvard Beets, Mixed Green Salad, French Dressing, Fruit Gelatin, Cream Cookies, Tea. *Dinner* Strawberry Cocktail, Broiled Beef Patties, Corn Pudding, Green Beans, Lettuce Salad, Black Bottom Dressing, Lemon Milk Sherbet.	*Breakfast* Pineapple Juice, Hot or Cold Cereal, Scrambled Eggs or Creamed Dried Beef, Crisp Rye Wafers, Coffee. *Luncheon* Mock Drumsticks, Brown Cream Sauce, Heart Lettuce, Brazilian Mayonnaise, Tomato Juice Rolls, Applesauce, Hermits, Tea. *Dinner* Emergency Clear Soup, Hot or Cold Tongue, Eggplant in Casserole, Spanish Ring with Carrots, Spring Fruit Salad, French Dressing, Hot Chocolate Pudding.	*Breakfast* Grapefruit Juice, Cereal, Corn Oysters, Bacon, Toast, Coffee. *Luncheon (Company)* Tomato Salad Plate, Halibut Fillet, Egg Sauce, Dandelion Greens, Toasted Tomato Juice Rolls, Lemon Sherbet with Hot Black Cherries, Cookies, Coffee. *Dinner* Sauerkraut Cocktail, Lamb Stew with Paprika Dumplings, Lemon-Buttered Broccoli, Burr Pickles, Maple Bavarian or Apricot Souffle.	*Breakfast* Rhubarb with Bananas, Cereal, Cheese Toast, Coffee. *Luncheon* Clam Bouillon with Salted Whipped Cream, Baked Bean Casserole, Ice-Box Rolls, Fresh Fruit or Fruit Salad with Fruit Salad Dressing, Old-Fashioned Tomato Soup, Fried Fish or Fish Fillets en Brochette, Whipped Paprika Potatoes, Green Peas, Shredded Green Salad, Celery Seed Dressing, Floating Island.	*Breakfast* Stewed Fruit, Cereal, Philadelphia Scrapple or Rolled Omelet, Toast, Marmalade, Milk or Coffee. *Luncheon* Curried Vegetables, Steamed Rice or Noodles, Radish and Lettuce Salad, Corn Sticks, Prunes in Orange Jelly with Cream, Tea. *Dinner* Steak a la Stanley, Baked Potatoes, Glazed Carrots, Asparagus Salad, Mayonnaise, Fruit Tapioca, Fruit Sauce.	*Breakfast* Oranges, Cereal, Puffy Omelet, Crisp Rye Wafers, Coffee. *Dinner* Smothered Chicken, Rice, Creamy Gravy, Spiced Peaches, Buttered Asparagus or Ten-Minute Cabbage, Tomato Salad, French Dressing, Strawberry Shortcake, Coffee. *Supper (Company)* Miniature French Rolls Stuffed with Chicken Salad, Tomato Sandwiches, Cream Cheese and Orange Bread Sandwiches, Apple Float, Hot Fruit Punch.

The American Weekly Patterns

Pattern 3270—Playtime wardrobe for a belle of the nursery set! This easy-to-use pattern includes a crisp princess frock or a back-buttoning sundress with pinafore ruffles. Make them both! Designed for children's sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10. Size 6, dress, requires 1¾ yards 35-inch fabric; sun-style, 2 yards.

Pattern 3280—For a winning game on any summertime scene—wear this pert sporster that saucily buttons down the back, has a slim, front-curved waistband, and gives you a choice of puffed or cap sleeves. Designed for misses' and women's sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires 3⅜ yards 35-inch fabric.

Pattern 3300—Look your prettiest all day long in this slenderizing dress. The tapering panel down the front and the long, well-shaped collar give up-and-down lines. Contrast and ruffles are refreshing. Designed for women's sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 35-inch fabric and ½ yard contrast.

Pattern 3299—Colorful cross stitch brightens your sheets and pillow cases quickly! Put these gay motifs on scarfs, too. Pattern 3299 contains a transfer pattern of a motif 5¼x26½ inches, 2 motifs 5¼x15 inches; illustrations of stitches; materials required.

PRICE OF PATTERNS
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Every pattern contains a large, complete, easily followed sewing guide. To order these easy-to-make patterns, write plainly SIZES, PATTERN NUMBERS, YOUR NAME, STREET ADDRESS, CITY and STATE. Enclose 15c in coins for each pattern and address your envelope to

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RECIPES FROM OUR MENUS

Chiffonade Dressing.

MIX ½ cup salad oil, 3 tablespoons vinegar, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon paprika, 1 tablespoon minced hard cooked egg, 1 tablespoon finely chopped red pepper, 1 tablespoon finely chopped green pepper and 1 tablespoon onion juice or minced chives. Place in a jar, cover closely and shake well. Place on ice until serving time. Shake again just before using. Serve on shredded cabbage, lettuce or mixed green salad.

Steak a la Stanley.

PEEL 4 or 5 ripe bananas and place in a baking dish with 1 tablespoon butter and 4 tablespoons sugar. Bake ½ hour in a moderate oven at about 350 degrees. Pan 2 pound ground round steak add 1 teaspoon salt and pepper to taste. Form into 6 or 8 cakes. Broil until well done. Melt 4 tablespoons butter, add 2 tablespoons flour and blend well. Add 1 cup milk and stir constantly until creamy and smooth. Season with 6 tablespoons horseradish and salt, if necessary. Pour hot sauce on hot platter, place broiled meat cakes in the sauce and the bananas on top of the meat cakes. Serve immediately.

Roast Lamb with Mint Grape Sauce (By Request).

WITH a clean damp cloth wipe a leg of lamb. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Place in a roasting pan, skin side down. Bake in uncovered pan at 300 degrees, allowing about 35 minutes per pound. Serve with Mint Grape Sauce made as follows: Soften 1 glass grape jelly over hot water, add ½ cup finely chopped fresh mint leaves and serve immediately.

Fruit Salad Dressing (By Request).

COOK ¼ cup orange juice, 3 tablespoons lemon juice and ¼ cup sugar for 3 or 4 minutes, stirring frequently. Add gradually to 2 beaten eggs and cook over hot water, stirring constantly, until of custard consistency. Chill and add ¾ cup whipped cream.

Tomato Juice Rolls.

HAVE ready about 2½ cups sifted flour. Scald 1 cup tomato juice and add 2 tablespoons sugar, 1½ teaspoons salt and ¼ cup shortening. Set aside until lukewarm. Add 1 crumbled yeast cake to the lukewarm tomato mixture and stir until dissolved. Add 1 beaten egg and about half of the sifted flour to the yeast mixture and beat well. Cover and let rise until very light. Add remaining flour and knead until smooth and elastic. Place in a buttered bowl and brush with melted butter. Let rise until double in bulk. Turn out on lightly floured board, roll to ½ inch thickness and cut into small rounds. Brush with melted butter and fold as Parker House rolls. Place on buttered pans and let rise until light. Bake in a moderately hot oven at 375 degrees about 15 minutes.

Old-Fashioned Baked Bean Soup (By Request).

PUT 3 cups cold baked beans, 1½ quarts water, 1 small mild onion and 2 stalks celery in a soup kettle. Bring to boiling point and simmer gently about ½ hour. Press through a sieve, add 1½ cups strained tomatoes, 1 tablespoon chili sauce, and salt and pepper to taste. Thicken with 2 tablespoons flour blended with 2 tablespoons butter. Serve with toasted crackers.

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